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TEARS—A MONOGRAPH.

BY SEVA.

TEARS are peculiar to the human race, and distinguish it from the higher and lower orders of creation. Angels weep not, though there are tears that would not stain an angel's cheek. To weep is the privilege, and the high privilege, too, of humanity; all have at some time experienced those deep emotions which excite and bring forth gentle tear-drops; and have felt that, but for these, one great relief for deepest anguish were forever wanting.

All have felt, too, that there is nothing unbecoming in a tear—that it is rather possessed of a most exquisite charm. It throws a new beauty over every other grace; the tear of affection, of pity, of tenderness, or of penitence.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

Physiologists may explain the manner in which tears are secreted from the blood, the glands which aid in the secretion, and the ducts through which they are transmitted to the eye, but *why* emotions start the diamond drops, none tell. *It is so*, is the sum of our knowledge on this point; but the occasion and effects, the phenomena we

see, feel, and know; they are both painful and pleasing. The dewy tear oft glistens in eyes beaming with joy; but with *painful* emotions we more naturally connect it. When we hear of a weeper, the idea of sorrow is the first suggested: we understand the eye to be the natural channel from which the heart pours forth its depths of bitterness; the tide of woe, while pent up, swelling and boiling deep in the heart's recesses, is agonizing; but when the bright bubble rises up to the eye, a true messenger to tell the world of inward pain, a sudden and grateful relief is felt; a sweet source of pensive pleasure tears ever prove, when the pearly drops, leaving their troubled bed, spring upon the silken lash, and like trickling drops of liquid crystal steal down the fair cheek, and mark the pitying soul.

A clear evidence of the relief which tears bring to wounded spirits, may be had in the more bitter anguish of those who, in grief, weep not—grief too deep for tears:

"Yet while the want of tears shall dry the grief
Of the careless looker-on, there's lasting woe
Within that burns worse than tears drown."

The tear comes not to give relief, there is no

melting flow of tenderness, but the stern withering of soul, the searing of the brain; the emblems of despair are dry and hot upon the heart's altar. There are many who have known this difference; when prudence or pride has said to the swelling heart, weep not, how the burning tear, locked up, has scorched and agonized the heart, till, no longer suffering restraint, it has rushed forth, unbidden, like molten lead, searing as it fell. That grief which has no tears is the worst of all—will soonest eat the very heart away. Could a tear mingle its moisture with such a sorrow, what a blessing would it be! It was this soul-blighting, life-withering feeling that prompted the poet's lines:

"I wished but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new and dear;
I wished it then—I wish it still:
Despair is stronger than the will!"

The emotions which produce tears are numerous and various; to do more than enumerate a few would be tedious. The child expects its food or its toy, but it comes not, and *disappointment* starts the tear; and larger children—young ladies and gentlemen, and even the gray-headed—oft prove its power to draw forth the bitter tide. *Vexation* also gives rise to tears, the most uncomely, too, that ever wet the cheek of mortal. The youth, struggling in vain against his athletic antagonist; the young lady, teased with the perplexities of her embroidery, or her class-book; the general, foiled by the skill of his adversary; the monarch, embarrassed amid the difficulties of state; all alike give way to vexation's tears; and in all they tell a true, but not a pleasing, tale—a tale of petulance and peevishness. When *gratitude* is sudden and great, how quick tears start up to tell it; and when tender ties are severed, and linked hearts part for separate climes, or one is snatched to worlds unknown, and we are left in gloom: then comes the tear, sweet soother of the aching heart. *Penitence*, too, starts the tear; such the erring Peter wept beneath the Master's kind reproof; and Mary, it is said, evinced her joy by bathing her Savior's feet with her tears. Wherever the sincere mourner over sin is found, there falls the penitential tear, and, falling in mercy's sight, is turned to joy. The pillow of the Psalmist, and of the afflicted Job, moistened with the dew of penitence, remain lasting monuments of their contrition and devotion.

Pity, or sympathy for others' suffering, gives

rise to tears; noble, honorable drops they are, too. Base the heart that neither feels, nor owns their power. Tears often moistened the Redeemer's eye; witness the scene at Lazarus' grave, and the lamentation over ruin-doomed Jerusalem. So the good old prophet, too:—"Oh, that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." The tear that flows down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes—who will not avow its high moral beauty?

Is there a more touching and dignified excellence in the Redeemer's life, than in the tears, which over suffering, sinning humanity he wept? Where is there an image more lovely than a mother weeping at her first-born's early grave, or a sister sorrowing over a sister's fall? None can condemn—none can despise the tear that drops upon the grave's brink, and moistens the bier of departed worth. They, then, who boast their want of tears, boast their own shame; an eye that knows no milder brightness than the burning glare of the prairie wolf's; "a heart of stone, that cannot melt in kind adoption of another's sorrow." Much better is it to weep boldly, and give to flowing virtue manly way—" 'tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by."

There are tears of *joy*, that fill the eye with more delight than it can hold; not a wild delight, but a calm, tender, holy. These seem to come from a different fount, bitterness is not in them; they sit upon the silken lash like heavenly drops upon the opening flower of morn; the lip is smiling, the features radiant, and yet *the tear is in the eye*, clear as the rain drop of a May morn when the sun is brightly smiling.

Pity, sympathy, grief, joy—all the holy, and the beautiful are in the tear; and we love its touching power; yet it is common for man to enter his protest against tears, as womanish and unbecoming a stern and noble spirit; and, under good cause for tears, will strive to school his heart to firm resistance, even unto its breaking, rather than

"Let woman's weapon's, water-drops,
Stain his manly cheeks."

Such stern resistance may console man's pride, but is not that balm too dearly bought? Shall not thus the heart be hardened, and be drowned all those tender feelings which adorn, with holiest grace, our human nature? Is it not securing the worse at the expense of the better?

Men complain that the *power* of tears in woman

is irresistible; if so, Heaven knows in what society she is placed, and her great need. Indeed, on this subject many witticisms are perpetrated by the "lords of creation," who are always ready to excuse themselves, and "set their great proportions in a fairer light," by that sentiment of the first trembling sinner—"the woman whom thou gavest to me," etc.; but all this only serves to establish the power of the gem glistening in the eye of innocence and beauty.

"Oh! too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear—"

May please an enemy of woman's peace as

well as power, but had the author of these and their accompanying lines loved to dwell on the good as well as on the evil, he might have spent a line upon the thousands whom the tears of mothers, wives, and sisters, have plucked from ruin, and restored to virtue, and to bliss; and even now, he may know how many a tear from pity's mine, woman's heart, his own wild, erring, shameless course has drawn. But it is vain to lament over such; the fount of tenderness and penitence in them is sealed and sealed, and the drops which should ease, turned to hot gall, desolate the heart, and burn upon the brain.

THE MYSTERY OF HAPPINESS.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

Why should man be sad and lonely,
In the pilgrimage of earth?
Not for tears and sorrow only,
To this being had he birth.

In the heart are kindly feelings,
For the holy and the pure;
Founts of deep and high revealings,
Friends to cherish—love to lure.

All of nature that is in us
Bids us love, believe, and trust;
Nature round us seeks to win us
To a friendship true and just.

Bright companionship of flowers
On the mountain—in the vale;
Breezes 'mid our garden bowers;
Songs upon the passing gale;

Stars that were the friends of sages,
In the days of ancient lore,
Stand upon night's mystic pages,
To be read and loved once more—

Not that we may read them rightly,
For the mystery of their end,
Studied, pondered over nightly,
Grows more hard to comprehend:

For the lesson we may gather,
From the starry book above,
Speaks a kind and gentle father,
Mighty in his truth and love.

Not for loving or believing,
Need we understanding's aid;

Who sees the tiny shuttles weaving,
Forest leaf, or meadow blade?—

Clouds that glide along the heaven;
Waves that dance along the sea;
Fragrance to the breezes given;
Incense from the dewy sea;

Voice of brook, and gurgling fountain;
Insect on the sunny hill;
Birds upon the leafy mountain;
Fish within the glassy rill—

Who can hear these merry voices,
From a world so gay and glad,
When the universe rejoices—
Who can hear them, and be sad?

Is it not at war with reason,
Not to love where all should please?
Is it not a deadly treason
To the God who gave us these?

To the sky—the earth—the ocean—
Open then your fondest heart,
With the beat of each emotion,
Happiness shall be your part.

Learn to shun the path of sorrow,
From the grey and ivied past;
Treasure gladness for the morrow,
From the pearls before you cast.

Through the tomb's deep gath'ring shadows
See the Land of Promise rise,
See the pleasant streams and meadows,
In the homes of Paradise.

THE COMFORTER.

I FELT pain. At length, I said, dejectedly, "Life is long, infinitely long, for the unhappy, who have on earth no other, better lot to expect; and the terminating goal of suffering appears to him too distant for it to operate as a constant alleviation of ever-returning pain. Thou, thou, in the enjoyment of ever-ascending happiness, measurest not, remarkest not, the course of the years; thou canst not think what an infinitude of duration the days, the hours, nay, even the minutes, have for the unfortunate, who counts his pangs by the beating of his pulse! If thou, heavenly comforter, wert ever near me, I would not complain; but when thou returnest to the bright home from which thou out of mercy hast descended, what will become of me? How shall I be able to bear those long, long hours, which the united pains of the soul and the body make so insufferable?"

"I will not leave thee," replied the angel, whose voice was again infinitely soft and gentle; "I will assist thee to endure those hours, and to feel those pains less. God has strewn everywhere the seeds of consolation and joy; we will seek for them together. We will be submissive,—and all will become good; we will be submissive—and peace will descend into our hearts. We will worship God together,—together seek for the mitigation of thy pain; and if thou must weep, thou shalt no longer weep alone." At these words, the voice of the angel became as it were stifled by emotion.

"Do the immortals also shed tears?" thought I; and, amazed beyond all description, as well by the words as by the emotion that followed them, I raised myself up, and ventured for the first time to contemplate the white figure which sat at my side. Trembling, I sought for the dear, well-known features of Maria; I found them not. A lovely, to me, strange countenance, veiled with compassionate tears, and brightened by the dawning crimson of the morning, bent over me, and a warm, soft, rosy mouth impressed upon my brow an affectionate kiss.

"O my brother, my beloved brother!" whispered the same angelic voice, which went so to my heart, "recognize thy sister, whom God has

sent to thee to comfort and to love thee,—who will never more leave thee!" and she threw her arms around me.

My bewilderment was so great, for a moment, that I fancied I had lost the use of my mind.

My sister endeavored, in the most heartfelt, affectionate manner, to overcome the excitement of my mind. She locked me in her arms, let my head rest upon her breast, and with sweet loving words she hushed to rest as it were my agitated feelings. I became by degrees calmer, but for a long time could not persuade myself that it was only my imagination, excited in the highest degree, which had made me fancy that an angel—yet what do I say—was it not an angel, although in a human form?—had been sent by God for my consolation! Yes, that was she, in the most beautiful signification of the word, and I felt it every moment deeper. In order to give my mind the most perfect clearness, she told me in a few words the accident which had conducted her to me. Informed of my illness, of its consequences, and the unhappy state of my mind, which my gay and fortunate brothers had described as bordering upon insanity, she had, immediately on her arrival at the paternal house, inquired after me, and learnt that I, more gloomy than common, had betaken myself into the park. As she, tolerably late at night, again inquired after me, and heard that I had not yet returned, this amiable sister, under the pretence of going to rest, stole away from the hall, and into the park, to seek out her afflicted brother. She was about to call my name, when my lamenting voice reached her ear, and guided her to the spot where I had sunk down, overpowered by suffering, and almost insensible. She softly approached me, lingered quietly beside me, and heard how I called on the name of Maria, and besought her to comfort me; and her prudence and goodness suggested to her the thought of availing herself of this mistake, which my violently excited state of mind, and my heated fancy had made, in order to afford me consolation in a manner which would make the greatest impression on my overstrained mind. Towards the conclusion of our

conversation, she thought that the human loving sister, deeply affected by my sufferings, would be more able to contribute to my comfort than one belonging to the world of spirits, and she let her feelings speak for me. "My brother"—thus she ended her explanation—"be not displeased because I was thy angel! Maria would, however, have left thee; and I will never, never more leave thee!"

I could not overcome my amazement. "And those oracular answers which thou gavest to me?"

"Thou wilt find their foundation in the Gospel—there is the fountain of comfort and of wisdom; we will together learn to gain them therefrom."

"And that charming consolatory hymn," I said, with tearful eye, "was it, then, only thy composition?"

"It was truth, which, although feebly composed, by me was put into the form in which thou now hast heard it. When we shall some time hear, in a better world, the victorious songs of the suffering children of the earth, and shall even mingle our own voices in them,—how different, my brother!—how altogether another thing will these harmonies of eternity appear in comparison with feeble, earthly tones! Ye heavenly felicities, which no human eye has seen, no ear has perceived, which no human understanding can comprehend—how, indeed, could a mortal voice be worthy to sing ye! Ye patient sufferers, it will some time be your lot to do so!"

"Yes," replied I, with emotion, "I may perhaps some time unite my voice with these; but thou, sister, will sing yet more beautiful among the happy ones arisen from the grave,—happy on this and on the other side,—thou angel of God!" My sister made no reply, but looked up to heaven with a glance, in which patient submission was so expressively depicted, as if she saw beforehand that severe fate would also strike her, and she offered up her own will as a sacrifice.

She took my arm within hers, and conducted me slowly back to the house. The ever-increasing daylight drove away the shadows from around; morning breezes played in the foliage, and the most delicious twittering of birds raised itself in the fresh odoriferous air. All this appeared to me an image of that which occurred in my own soul. In my night-enwrapped mind, light had also arisen; I felt the gentle zephyrs of consolation, I heard the song of hope. Silently went on my sister and myself beside each other; but her beaming glance, which now was riveted

upon me, now passed over the enchanting objects which surrounded us, and then raised itself to heaven, seemed to invite my feelings to follow in its holy flight.

The first beams of the sun gilded the windows of the Castle as we approached it—the same windows whose glittering illumination some hours before had made so painful an impression upon me. Now I contemplated them with quite different feelings; and as I turned to the beaming torch of day, I repeated softly, with deep and delightful emotion, Thomson's glorious prayer:

"Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I perceived the change within myself with rapture. The nocturnal scene had made a deep impression upon me; and however natural every thing which had occurred might be, I still could not help ascribing it to a supernatural guidance. In the moment of pain and of despair, I had called upon an angel, and an angel had descended to me with kind, long-wished-for words of consolation and hope. The voice of my glorified Maria could scarcely have produced a greater change in me than the voice of my gentle sister did.

She was one of those beings who only seem to linger upon the earth to alleviate its misery, and in whose pure soul heaven has stamped, as it were, its image. Gentle, lovely, wise, serious—she went through the world like a loftier spirit, who only takes part in life that it may sweeten the lives of others. She found her happiness only in the happiness of others; and if she now felt the sufferings of others bitterly, it was because she kept her gaze too firmly fixed upon the terminal goal of the journey through life for her to permit the brightness of her mind to be gloomed by the difficulties of the way. And precisely this repose in her own soul enabled her, wisely and considerately, to select and apply the right method for the alleviation of every sorrow.

I soon perceived the beneficial influence of her gentle and prudent guidance. She did not permit the temporary flight which had elevated my soul to sink back into cowardice, but maintained it upright, and sought to bring it round to tranquil, deliberate, and independent strength.

She soon discovered that ambition was my

chief passion, and that the loss of all that could promise success to this passion was the principal cause of my deep melancholy. She judged wisely, that this passion, like all strong passions of the soul, could scarcely be speedily brought into subjection; and endeavored only to give it another direction, to set to it a better, nobler, less selfish, and to me a yet attainable object.

"Thou canst not," said she once, in our confidential conversations, "become a Scipio, a Camillus, a Leonidas; but thou mayest be a Socrates, a Plato, or, which is still better, one of those Apostles of Christianity, whose sacred and heroic virtues have deserved immortality on earth. Believe me, my brother, the world needs for its happiness more wise men than heroes; and the happy, noble man, who has given to humanity one comfort, one refreshment, may die with a more beautiful consciousness than that which sweetened the last hour of an Epaminondas. Thou hast received from nature remarkable gifts of mind, memory, acuteness; exercise and cultivate these. Thou hast knowledge—strive to acquire more and better-grounded knowledge. The field of mental cultivation is immeasurable, and the flowers which it bears are noble everlasting. The richer thy harvest becomes, the more (to continue the simile) thou garnerest of that which is mature and solid, all the more wilt thou be able to extend of the fruit of thy labor to the greatly-needing hungry many, and wilt deserve the blessings of the present and future generations. Let us never forget that what we undertake and accomplish, if it be actually good and beneficial, must be for the use of the kingdom of God."

Thus spoke my good sister, less, as I believe, in the conviction of my ability to reach the prototypes which she presented to me, than to animate and inspire my sunken spirit.

In proportion as my earthly fortune opened itself again to me, my courage and my powers reawoke. The horizon extended itself, as it were, before my gaze. Full of hope, I extended my arms towards the ascending sun, in which I now saw, as formerly, the image of light which would beam upon my earthly life.

I began to labor for my new object with all the zeal which my weak health allowed, and might perhaps have exerted myself beyond my powers, if my gentle and prudent sister had not here also stood by my side, watchfully and warningly.

She induced me to seek for diversion of mind,

and by agreeable light occupations or pastimes to cheer my spirits, and to strengthen my powers. I had talent for drawing. She encouraged me to practise this beautiful, serious art, which enables us to perpetuate beloved memories, and at the same time to forget the oppressive hours of the present. How often, when I endeavored to preserve her gentle features on paper, have I forgotten myself; the whole world, time, and every thing which could be important and fatiguing, whilst my whole soul lived with delight in my beloved work. How often, whilst I have been representing the attractive and fresh objects of the country, the leafy trees, the calm lake, the bold heights, the shady valleys, the grazing herds, the clean turf-covered cottages, and the heavens veiled with transparent clouds, how often has the feeling of peace and quiet satisfaction penetrated my soul!

The great condition for that pure enjoyment is this, that the heart is free from every root of bitterness, every sentiment of ill-temper and envy; and in a short time these disturbers of peace were entirely driven out of mine.

I had formerly read history with the same mind with which children see a magnificent spectacle, with admiration for the splendid and the great, without in any way as a whole connecting and embracing it. I read it again, after years, and still more, misfortune, had matured and formed my understanding, and found a totally different impression from this reading.

In contemplating the fate of the world, my own vanished from before my eyes. When my thoughts roamed through centuries, my lifetime seemed to lose itself in these, like a drop in the ocean,—and when the misfortunes of millions lay open before my sight, I was ashamed of thinking of my own. I learned in one word, to forget myself. And when my weak vision could perceive in these pictures of history only a confused swarming mass, when I lost there the traces of a wise and good Providence, when I saw upon earth only a disorderly succession of errors, confusion, and misery, then my sister turned my glance to heaven.

I looked up to heaven, listened to the voices of the good and holy upon earth, who—in combat, in pain, in death—have been raised with confidence, joy, and celestial power, to announce to us a higher aim than earthly happiness, another home, a higher light;—listened to the promise of immortality, and to the presentiments of it in my own breast, and learned to embrace in my

heart the consolatory belief which already here in life diffused brightness over the darkest night.

I looked up to heaven. Light came from above. It beamed down into my soul. I comprehended that here below all things are only in the beginning, and full of hope; cheerfully seized again my pilgrim-staff, composed as regarded my fate, and certain of my object. From this time, my heart had continually peace; and it was not difficult for me to seek out many materials for happiness and joy, wherewith I was enabled to build upon earth the cottage of my content. Among these, I have mentioned pleasant and diverting occupations, and I must yet add—society,—not that on a great scale, to which I was still always opposed, and which, on account of my exterior, could only awaken unpleasant feelings, but that composed of my own family and my own friends, who did not alone endure me, but who endeavored with kindness that I should, by degrees, find pleasure in their joy, and even learn to contribute to it,—truly often enough, like a blind musician contributing to the pleasures of the dance.

My sister and myself took all possible pains to make my temper, violent by nature, mild and cheerful. She, by warnings, friendly counsels, but principally by her tenderness, her care to surround me with little pleasures, which nobody knew better now to arrange and to make piquant than she did; I, by watchfulness over myself, by repressing all irritability and sensitiveness, and for the rest, by perfect submission to her guidance.

"Whoever," said she, "is deprived of outward charms, and perpetually requires the attention and cherishing care of others, must labor still more than others to acquire that mild, kind, amiable temper and behavior, which is alone sufficient to win the devotion of others,—and which make all little attentions which are shown to them become so agreeable, all greater ones so light."

I followed her counsel. I endeavored to be amiable,—I became beloved, and I deeply felt the happiness of being so.

The first great pain which befel me after my return to life and joy, was occasioned to me by her, who had formerly so affectionately consoled me. Ah! my angelically good sister was doomed, as she herself had divined, to experience herself on earth the bitterness of grief. He—who was worthy of her in every respect, and with whom she led an angel's life—died suddenly, and her

tender, only child followed him soon afterwards. As tranquilly and mildly as she had formerly said to me—"Let us be submissive," she now repeated to herself these words,—and was perfectly resigned. Kind and considerate for others as formerly, her bright, peaceful eye was ever attentive to the wishes and necessities of others; but they remarked that something in her was changed—her joy was gone—she was in heaven. Her life on earth now was only a slow descent; not that of an extinguished flame, but of a descending sun, which, whilst with bright, although dying beams, he lets his farewell illumine this world, stands about to be re-illuminated with new-born strength and purity in another.

She was no more!—and alone—and deserted by her—I feared for a long time to lose myself,—but I soon felt that she and her consolations continued still in my heart my guardian angels. I collected my powers, and remained resigned to the will of heaven.

From the Eternal home, where she lives blessed, and again united to her own, she casts sometimes, perhaps, a glance upon the grateful brother whose good angel she was on earth. O that this glance might never find me unworthy!—that this glance might not look down without pleasure into a purified and sanctified heart. My life has not come up to the splendid image which we beforehand conceived: I have become no Socrates nor Plato, but still am wise enough not to weep over it. We had—I in particular—had quite too much confidence in the powers of my mind, and my understanding. I soon observed that my ability to comprehend on a great scale, and to think, was very much confined. Something—I know not what it was—it seemed to me as if it were my own skull—presented to my thoughts, when they had arrived at a certain point, a wall which was to them as insurmountable as the walls of my room were to my feet; and my spirit was, alas! so constituted, that its flight rather led me into than out of the clouds. Thus I was also here obliged to give up my ambitious hopes, and found myself, when I, at length, had accustomed myself to fruitless combats and endeavors, only the better for it.

My sister had, above all things, turned my mind to religion; and this, which overcomes all human passions, poured her tranquilizing balm also over the waves of my ambition and worldly vanity. And, in truth, if we acknowledge ourselves as work-tools in the hand of Providence, who has created us, how foolish it is, then, to

wish to be anything different to that for which He has destined us.

When, therefore, I saw my inability to raise myself above mediocrity in the path of knowledge and of science, I ceased to strive after it, and renounced a renown which was not destined for me. I employed, therefore, all the greater pains to enable that portion of myself, the perfection of which is impeded by no wall, by no "so far and no farther," but to which, on the contrary, infinitude stands open. Every one who has earnestly begun this work will find that he creates his own happiness.

In the sphere which my inward eye can command, I endeavor so perfectly to comprehend all, so to profit by it and to employ it, that it actually may be advantageous to others and to myself. I am, according to my ability, active in outward life; and never do I alleviate a torment of the body or of the soul of a fellow-being without experiencing an increase in my happiness. When the infirmity of my body compels me to inactivity, I am quiet, and occupy my thoughts more exclusively with the beautiful future which religion has opened to us on the other side of the land of care. By my patience under suffering, and my, if not always merry, yet always friendly state of mind, I endeavor not to make unpleasant the attentions and care which people show to me, and, in particular, make my brothers and sisters aware how easily a temper, cheerful and resigned through God, can bear outward adversity. They are kind and amiable, and—I know it, and say it with

tears of joy—there is no one amongst them who would not willingly give up some of the days of his life to beautify mine. And yet I can give nothing more to them, than—my sincere friendship,—do little more for them, than many a time to think for them,—and always to feel with them. My sick-room is now their confessional, now their council-room, and often also their temple of joy; and when they are happy, they will just as willingly gladden me with the view of their happiness, as I will gladly see it, and take part in it.

The love of my parents is again given to me since I no longer embitter their days by impatient murmuring over my fate. Ah, have I now, indeed, reason to complain of my fate. The heaven of my future stands brightly open there, and my present life is agreeable. I love still more virtuous and amiable people, sympathise in their fate, and am loved by them in return. I can do some good—my heart has peace,—but all that I now am, all that I now say, that have I from thee, my good sister. Thou awokest me from the depths of despair, didst press me to thy loving breast—gave my soul comfort, my life courage—my powers a new object—my temper gentleness! When I cried to heaven to send to me an angel, how mercifully was I heard! Thou didst come, my sister! O delightful comforter, gentle instructor!—although vanished from my sight, thou livest eternally in my heart; and every blessing which I have from thee, I bring again to thee in humble gratitude!

I DARE NOT SCORN.

I may not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl;
The slave who dare not burst his chain;
The tyrant in his hall;
The vile oppressor, who hath made
The widow'd mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless he may stand—
I cannot—dare not—scorn.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.
I pity all that evil are—
I pity and I mourn;
But the Supreme hath fashioned all—
And, O! I dare not scorn.

FEMALE INTELLECT.

BY JAMES L. ENOS.

It is but a few years since the female mind, even in this country, has assumed anything like a respectable position. Woman has been kept back from the enjoyment of many rights to which she is as surely entitled by nature as man.

During the dark days of the past, those inherent rights have been disregarded; her physical weakness has been taken as evidence of a corresponding mental debility. This view has for a time been losing advocates, and the women of our land have been rising as the errors of the public mind have yielded to the force of truth in regard to her true worth.

As the nation becomes more and more enlightened, woman will continue to show greater signs of mental power. And as she becomes more enlightened, the greater power will she wield in the formation of national character. The influence of the mother over the mind of her child in its young and tender state, is mighty for good or evil. How pure is the mind of that little boy or girl who has been blest with the instructions of an intelligent and virtuous mother. In their minds, flow the pure streams of truth; their lips know no guile, and their hearts are strangers to deceit.

On the character of the females of this country, reposes its perpetuity, and in their hands must rest its continuance in all coming time. In the ratio of her advancement, will be the march of civilization, and republicanism. The day star of

human liberty rises—as she rises, and should she be doomed to fall, that will also fall.

The influence of the female is not felt alone on the tender minds of youth. By her gentle but irresistible power, she quells the angry passions of man, and lulls him to quietude and submission. She only fails in this when she allows herself to partake in the fury of her opponent's rage, and changes her nature from purity and fidelity to rage and impiety.

The slender frame of the female is evidence that she was not designed, as man, to toil in the rugged world, or storm the difficulties of an out-door business life. Yet her mental formation presents as great evidences of power as does those of the harsher sex.

Give her an equal chance to develop herself, and this truth will be demonstrated.

Where now are our female colleges, or one tenth part of the female schools, that we find of institutions for the education of boys.

Woman should be as thoroughly educated as man: not in the same branches, perhaps; but she should receive as *thorough* a course of mental discipline, as he. When this shall be the case, if she does not then give to the world as great demonstrations of intellect, we will then be willing to admit that her mental capacity is not as great as his; but never until the trial has been fairly made.

GOLD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

ALAS! my heart is sick when I behold
The deep engrossing interest of wealth,
How eagerly men sacrifice their health,
Love, honor, fame, and truth for sordid gold;
Dealing in sin, and wrong, and tears, and strife,
Their only aim and business in life
To gain and heap together shining store;—

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Alchemists, mad as e'er were those of yore,
Transmuting everything to glittering dross,
Wasting their energies o'er magic scrolls,
Day-books and ledgers leaden, gain and loss—
Casting the holiest feelings of their souls,
High hopes, and aspirations, and desires,
Beneath their crucibles to feed th' accursed fires.

41

SKETCHES OF EMINENT WOMEN.

No. II.—MARGARET ARNOLD.

BY MRS. ELLET.

THE wife of Benedict Arnold was Margaret Shippen, of Philadelphia. One of her ancestors, Edward Shippen, who was mayor of the city in the beginning of the eighteenth century, suffered severe persecutions from the zealous in authority at Boston, for his Quakerism; but, successful in his business, he amassed a large fortune, and, according to tradition, was distinguished for "being the biggest man, having the biggest house and the biggest carriage in Philadelphia." His mansion, called "the governor's house," "Shippen's great house," and "the famous house and orchard outside the town," was built on an eminence, the orchard overlooking the city; yellow pines shaded the rear, a green lawn extended in front, and the view was unobstructed to the Delaware and Jersey shores. A princely place, indeed, for that day—with its summer-house and gardens abounding with tulips, roses, and lillies! It is said to have been the residence for a few weeks of William Penn and his family. An account of the distinguished persons who were guests there at different times would be curious and interesting.

Edward Shippen, afterwards Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, was the father of Margaret. His family, distinguished among the aristocracy of the day, was prominent after the commencement of the contest among those known to cherish loyalist principles; his daughters were educated in these, and had their constant associations with those who were opposed to American independence. The youngest of them—only eighteen years of age, beautiful, brilliant, and fascinating, full of spirit and gaiety—the toast of the British officers while their army occupied Philadelphia became the object of Arnold's admiration. She had been "one of the brightest of the belles of the Mischianza;" and it is somewhat curious that the knight who appeared in her honor on that occasion chose for his device a bay leaf, with the motto, "Unchangeable." This gay and volatile creature, accustomed to the display connected with "the pride of life," and the homage paid to beauty in high station, was not one to resist

the lure of ambition, and was captivated, it is probable, through her girlish fancy, by the splendor of Arnold's equipments, and his military ostentation. These appear to have had their effect upon her relatives, one of whom, in a manuscript letter, still extant, says:—"We understand that Gen. Arnold, a fine gentleman, lays close siege to Peggy"—thus noticing his brilliant and imposing exterior, without a word of information or inquiry as to his character and principles.

A letter from Arnold to Miss Shippen, which has been published—written from the camp at Raritan, February 8th, 1779, not long before their marriage, shows the discontent and rancor of his heart, in the allusions to the president and council of Pennsylvania. These feelings were probably expressed freely to her, as it was his pleasure to complain of injury and persecution; while the darker designs, of which no one suspected him were doubtless buried in his own bosom.

Some writers have taken delight in representing Mrs. Arnold as another Lady Macbeth—an unscrupulous and artful seductress, whose inordinate vanity and ambition were the cause of her husband's crime; but there seems no foundation even for a supposition that she was acquainted with his purpose of betraying his trust. She was not the being he would choose as the sharer of a secret so perilous; nor was the dissimulation attributed to her consistent with her character. Arnold's marriage, it is true, brought him more continually into familiar association with the enemies of American liberty, and strengthened distrust of him in the minds of those who had seen enough to condemn in his previous conduct; and it is likely that his propensity for extravagance was encouraged by his wife's taste for luxury and display, while she exerted over him no saving influence. In the words of one of his best biographers, "he had no domestic security for doing right—no fireside guardianship to protect him from the tempter. Rejecting, as we do utterly, the theory that the

wife was the instigator of his crime—all common principles of human action being opposed to it—we still believe that there was nothing in her influence or associations to countervail the persuasions to which he ultimately yielded. She was young, gay and frivolous; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury; she was utterly unfitted for the duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist's daughter, she had been taught to mourn over the pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when men of noble station were her admirers. Arnold had no counsellor on his pillow to stimulate him to follow the rugged path of a revolutionary patriot. He fell; and though his wife did not tempt or counsel him to ruin, there is no reason to think she ever uttered a word or made a sign to deter him."

Her instrumentality in the intercourse carried on while the iniquitous plan was maturing, according to all probability, was an unconscious one. Major Andre, who had been intimate in her father's family while General Howe was in possession of Philadelphia, wrote to her from New York, in August, 1779, to solicit her remembrance, and offering his services in procuring supplies, should she require any in the millinery department: in which he says, playfully, the *Mischianza* had given him skill and experience. The period at which this missive was sent—more than a year after Andre had parted with the "fair circle" for which he professes such lively regard—and the singularity of the letter itself, justified the suspicion which became general after its seizure by the Council of Pennsylvania—that its offer of service in the detail of capwire, needles, and gauze, covered a meaning deep and dangerous. This view was taken by many writers of the day; but, admitting that the letter was intended to convey a mysterious meaning, still it is not conclusive evidence of Mrs. Arnold's participation in the design or knowledge of the treason, the consummation of which was yet distant more than a year. The suggestion of Mr. Reed seems more probable—that the guilty correspondence between the two officers under feigned names having been commenced in March or April, the letter to Mrs. Arnold may have been intended by Andre to inform her husband of the name and rank of his New York correspondent, and thus encourage a fuller measure of confidence and regard. The judgment of Mr. Reed, Mr. Sparks, and others

who have closely investigated the subject, is in favor of Mrs. Arnold's innocence in the matter.

It was after the plot was far advanced towards its denouement, and only two days before General Washington commenced his tour to Hartford, in the course of which he made a visit to West Point, that Mrs. Arnold came thither with her infant, to join her husband, traveling by short stages, in her own carriage. She passed the last night at Smith's house, where she was met by the General, and proceeded up the river in his barge to head-quarters. When Washington and his officers arrived at West Point, having sent from Fishkill to announce their coming, La Fayette reminded the chief, who was turning his horse into a road leading to the river, that Mrs. Arnold would be waiting breakfast: to which Washington sportively answered, "Ah, you men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. Go, breakfast with her, and do not wait for me."

Mrs. Arnold was at breakfast with her husband and the *aids-de-camp*—Washington and the other officers having not yet come—when the letter arrived which bore to the traitor the first intelligence of Andre's capture. He left the room immediately, went to his wife's chamber, sent for her, and briefly informed her of the necessity of his instant flight to the enemy. This was probably the first intelligence she received of what had been going on. The news overwhelmed her, and when Arnold quitted the apartment he left her lying in a swoon on the floor.

Her almost frantic condition—plunged into the depths of distress—is described with sympathy by Col. Hamilton, in a letter written the next day:—"The general," he says, "went to see her; she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child; raved and shed tears, and lamented the fate of the infant. * * * All the sweetness of beauty—all the loveliness of innocence—all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." He, too, expresses his conviction that she had no knowledge of Arnold's plan till his announcement to her that he must banish himself from his country forever. The opinions of other persons qualified to judge without prejudice, acquitted her of the charge of having participated in the treason. John Jay, writing from Madrid to Catherine Livingston, says:—"All the world are cursing Arnold, and pitying his wife." And Robert Morris writes—"Poor

Mrs. Arnold!—was there ever such an infernal villain!"

Mrs. Arnold went from West Point to her father's house; but was not long permitted to remain in Philadelphia. The traitor's papers having been seized by direction of the executive authorities, the correspondence with Andre was brought to light; suspicion rested on her, and by an order of the council, dated October 27th, she was required to leave the State, to return no more during the continuance of the war. She accordingly departed to join her husband in New York. The respect and forbearance shown towards her on her journey through the country, notwithstanding her banishment, testified the popular belief in her innocence. M. de Marbois relates that when she stopped at a village where the people were about to burn Arnold in effigy, they postponed it until the following morning. And when she entered the carriage, on her way to join her husband, all exhibition of popular indignation was suspended, as if respectful pity for the grief and shame she suffered, for the time overcame every other feeling.

Mrs. Arnold resided with her husband for a short time in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, and was long remembered by persons

who knew her there, and who spoke much of her beauty and fascination. She afterwards lived in England. Mr. Sabine says that she and Arnold were seen by an American loyalist in Westminster Abbey, standing before the cenotaph, erected by the command of the king, in memory of the unfortunate Andre. With what feeling the traitor viewed the monument of the man his crime had sacrificed, is not known; but he who saw him standing there turned away with horror.

Mrs. Arnold survived her husband three years, and died in London in 1804, at the age of forty-three. Little is known of her after the blasting of the bright promises of her youth by her husband's crime, and a dreary obscurity hangs over the close of her career; but her relatives in Philadelphia cherish her memory with respect and affection.

Hannah, the sister of Arnold, whose affection followed him through his guilty career, possessed great excellence of character; but no particulars have been obtained by which full justice could be done her. Mr. Sabine says:—"That she was a true woman in the highest possible sense I do not entertain a doubt;" and the same opinion of her is expressed by Mr. Sparks.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor,
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the cryo,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you will give her.

O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming,
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."

So, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever."

DR. CHANNING AS A PREACHER.

ANOTHER source of Dr. Channing's power was his sincerity. He was transparent in simple earnestness. The personal limitations of the speaker and writer disappeared, and he seemed to be only a pure medium through which truth was uttering itself. The style of composition, so clear, graceful, and strong—the rich variety of manner, so fervent and beautiful, and so doubly affecting from the contrast it presented of physical infirmity with spiritual force, were forgotten, and the hearer found himself translated to the mount of vision upon which the prophet was standing face to face with heaven and Deity. He was wholly unartificial, unconscious, and absorbed in his subject. He stood awed, yet animated, between God above and his listening brethren. 'On no account,' he once said to a young brother in the ministry, 'on no account, in your public services, try to exhibit by look or tone any emotion which you do not feel. If you feel coldly, appear so. The sermon may be lost, but your truthfulness will be preserved.' By this rule he invariably governed himself. The effect which he produced was deep and indelible, because his eloquence was so lost sight of and swallowed up in the glory of his theme.

And this leads us to a recognition of the chief source of his power, which we have already noticed as characterizing his youth—his living sense of spiritual realities. The pulpit was to him the grandest position upon earth, and he entered it with a most exalting yet disinterested sense of its dignified and solemn trusts. In standing up before a congregation as a minister of God, he was conscious that he assumed responsibilities as much vaster than those of the judge upon the bench, of the legislator in the halls of council, of the executive officer upon his seat of power, as conscience is higher than intellect, common social affection, or natural desires. He voluntarily became a mediator between the Infinite Being and finite spirits. It has been well said,—'There was no power of mind, however lofty, that his function did not to him appear to bring into urgent requisition. Preaching never seemed to him for an instant

the discharge of a mere professional duty, the fulfilment of a formal task. *It was the great action of his life*, and it was the greatest action that could be demanded of any life. He felt that never Demosthenes nor Cicero, that never Burke nor Chatham, had a greater work to do than he had every Sunday. He poured into his office his whole mind and heart. The preparation for it was a work of consecrated genius; it was as if every week he had made a poem or an oration. It was more; for he considered the sermon, in our day, as the highest possible mode of expression, combining oration, poetry, and prophecy in one.

We cannot better sum up these general views of Dr. Channing as a preacher, than by continuing our extracts from the notice just quoted. 'No preacher, perhaps, had ever at command the stores of a richer imagination. But all was sober, in his administration of religion. To utter the truth, the naked truth, was his highest aim and ambition. The effect he was willing to leave with God and with the heart of the hearer. He never seemed to labor so much to enforce truth as to utter it; but this kind of utterance, this swelling and almost bursting of the inmost heart to express itself, was the most powerful enforcement. There was always, however, a chastening and restraining hand laid upon the strong nature within; and this manner has led some, I believe, to deny to Channing the gift of the highest eloquence. I know not what they call eloquence, but this restrained emotion always seems to me one of its most touching demonstrations; surely that which reaches the heart and unlocks the fountain of tears is its very essence; and that which penetrates to the still depths of the conscience, that lie beneath tears, is its very awful grandeur. Such was the eloquence of Channing. I shall never forget the effect upon me of the first sermon I ever heard from him. Shall I confess, too, that, holding then a faith somewhat different from his, I listened to him with a certain degree of distrust and prejudice? These barriers, however, soon gave way; and such was the effect of the simple and heart-touching truths and

tones which fell from his lips, that it would have been a relief to me to have bowed my head and to have wept without restraint, through the whole service. And yet I did not weep; for there was something in that impression too solemn and deep for tears. I claim perfection for nothing human; . . . but certainly no preaching that I have heard has come so near, in this respect, to the model in my mind,—I say not irreverently, the Great Model,—as the preaching of Channing. . . . In most men's religious feeling, there is something singularly general and vague; . . . they do not meditate their religion deeply in their hearts. . . . But it was not so with the remarkable and venerable person of whom I speak. His thoughts on this theme, the deep and living verities of his own experience, had an original impress, a marked individuality, a heart-felt truth, and a singular power to penetrate the heart. His words had a strange and heart-stirring vitality. Some living power within seemed to preside over the selection and tone of every word, and to give it more than the force and weight of a whole discourse from other men.

And now let us go, on some Sunday morning, to the meeting-house in Federal Street, and hear for ourselves this wonderful preacher. The doors are crowded; and as we enter, we see that there are but few vacant seats, and that the owners of pews are hospitably welcoming strangers, whom the sexton is conducting up the aisles. There is no excitement in the audience, but deep, calm expectation. With a somewhat rapid and elastic step, a person, small in stature, thin and pale, and carefully enveloped, ascends the pulpit stair. It is he. For a moment, he deliberately and benignantly surveys the large congregation, as if drinking in the influence of so many human beings; and then, laying aside his outer garments, and putting on the black silk gown, he selects the hymn and passage from Scripture, and, taking his seat, awaits in quiet contemplation the time for commencing the service. What impresses us now, in his appearance, is its exceeding delicacy, refinement, and spiritualized beauty. In the hollow eye, the sunken cheeks, and the deep lines around the mouth, the chronic debility of many years has left an ineffaceable impress. But on the polished brow, with its rounded temples, shadowed by one falling lock, and on the beaming counte-

nance, there hovers a serenity which seems to brighten the whole head with a halo.

The voluntary on the organ has been played, the opening invocation has been offered by the assistant in the pulpit, and the choir and congregation have joined in singing the first hymn;—and now he rises, and spreading out his arms, says,—‘Let us unite in prayer.’ What a welcome to near communion with the Heavenly Father is there in the tremulous tenderness of that invitation! This is a solemn reality, and no formal rite, to him. The Infinite is here, around all, within all. What awful, yet confiding reverence, what relying affection, what profound gratitude, what unutterable longing, what consciousness of intimate spiritual relationship, what vast anticipations of progressive destiny, inspire these few, simple, measured, most variously modulated words! How the very peace of heaven seems to enter and settle down upon the hushed assembly!

There follows a pause and perfect silence for a few moments, which the spirit feels its need of, that it may reassume its self control and power of active thought. And now the Bible is opened; the chapter to be read is the fifteenth of the Gospel of John. The grand announcement is spoken, the majestic claim is made,—‘I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.’ How often we have heard these sentences! and yet did we ever before begin to know their exhaustless wealth of meaning? What depth, volume, expressiveness in those intonations! ‘That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.’ Yes, O most honored brother! now we have gained a glimpse of the rich life of thy godlike disinterestedness. We shall be, indeed, thy ‘friends,’ ‘when we love one another as thou didst love us.’ It is enough. No mere rhetorician, however trained and skilful, could have made these words so penetrating in pathetic sweetness, so invigorating in unbounded hope. The very smile and hand of the Savior seem to have been upon us in blessing and power. Every emphasis and inflection of the reader was fraught with his own experience. The saying is no longer mystical metaphor to us,—‘If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him;’ for the fact is illustrated before our eyes. The hymn is read. What melody! what cadence! The tone may be too prolonged, and too undulating the accent;

but we can never, never again forget those lines. In many a distant scene of doubt and fear, of trial and temptation, their music will come vibrating through the inner chambers of our hearts, and, at the sound, our bosoms will disappear, 'awed by the presence' of the 'Great Invisible.'

The singing is over. The hearts of the hearers are attuned. The spirit of the preacher has already pervaded them, and softened them to harmony. It is the 'new commandment' of which he is to discourse. He begins by portraying the overflowing sympathy with which Jesus forgot his own impending sufferings, in his desire to cheer the little band so soon to be scattered. We are there with them in the upper chamber; we are bathed in that flood of benignity; can we ever be faithless to this most lovely and all-loving friend? Then passing outwards, he lays open before us the universal humanity of the Son of Man made Son of God, till we see that the fullness of the Spirit in him, his oneness with the Father, was his pure and perfect benevolence,—till we begin to apprehend how such a sublime self-sacrifice might fit the Christ to be the abiding mediator between heaven and earth, the ruler over the ages to introduce among mankind the kingdom of God. What affectionate devotion, what adoring reverence, what quick discrimination, what delicate perception, what vividness, characterized this sketch of the Master! Thus ends the first branch of the sermon. And now he is to assure us, all selfish, immersed in the busy anxieties of life, habitually incased in prejudices and conventionality, as we may be, that this spirit of unlimited brotherly kindness is the only befitting spirit for any man, for every man,—that we are encouraged to aspire after it, that we can attain to it, that we are Christians only in the measure in which it sanctifies us. How carefully he meets and disarms objections! how calmly he removes all fear of undue enthusiasm! how deliberate and definite does he make the statement of his propositions! The sound sense and judgment of the preacher strike us now as much as his devout earnestness did before. There is nothing vague, dreamy, extravagant in this cool reasoner. Gradually he awakens the memory and conscience of his hearers, and reveals to them, from their own observation and experience, with a terrible distinctness of contrast, what the professed Christians of Christendom actually are. There are no expletives, no

fulminations, no fanatical outpourings. But the small figure dilates,—the luminous gray eye now flashes with indignation, now softens in pity—and the outstretched arm and clenched hand are lifted in sign of protest and warning, as the wrongs which man inflicts on man are presented with brief but glowing outlines. How the accidental honors of the so-called great, flutter like filthy rags, and crumble into dust, as the meanness of arbitrary power and worldly ambition is exposed! How the down-trodden outcasts rise up in more than royal dignity, as the intrinsic grandeur of man reveals itself through their badges of ignominious servitude! The preacher now enlarges upon the greatness of man; he shows how worthy every human being is of love, for his nature, if not for his character. Sin and degradation are made to appear unspeakably mournful, when measured by the majestic innate powers, the celestial destiny, appointed to the most debase; every spirit becomes venerable to us, as heir of God, and coheir of the once dead but now living Christ, as the once lost but now found, the prodigal yet dearly loved child of the Heavenly Father. And as our gaze wanders over the congregation, in kindling or tearful eyes, in pallid or flushed cheeks, in smiling or firm set lips of many a hearer is displayed the new resolve just registered in the will, to lead a *manly* life, by consecrating one's self to the divine work of raising all men upright in the image of God.

A brief petition and benediction end the service; and after a few warm pressures of the hand, and mutual congratulations that such a sermon has been heard, the congregation disperses. If this is the first time we have listened to the preacher, we walk home through the thronged streets, we look upon our fellow-men, we tread the earth, we breathe the air, we feel the sunshine, with a new consciousness of life. This hour has been an era in existence. Never again can we doubt God's love, disbelieve in Christ, despond for ourselves, despise our fellows—never again sigh over the drudgery, the tameness, the tantalizing disappointments of this work-day world. How solemn in grandeur, how unspeakably magnificent, how wonderful, how fresh with beauty and joy, open now before us the present lot, the future career of man! This sketch may seem to some readers extravagant, but it will be thought, on the other hand, tame and cold by those who in memory recall the reality which it so faintly resembles.

CREATION.

BY WM. H. BUSHNELL.

"Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert; and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, did'st invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."—*Milton.*

Wild chaos reigned—thick darkness brooded o'er
Earth, ocean, sky; the beautiful, the fair,
And night and day, commingled, all appear
In hopeless ruin, strangely blended there:
Piled as the mountain's rocky cliff,
Wild darkness brooded o'er the scene,
Uncheck'd, save as a lurid flame
Struggled each ragged edge between;
And all was chaos, ruin, strangely wild;
For beacon star, nor sun-ray bursting bright,
Mantled the scene, till through the world of space,
In trumpet tones there rang the words—"BE LIGHT!"

Forth from the giant mass, convulsion tossed,
A rosy flash, as morn's first gleaming, came;
A presage fair of that eternal light,
Which deluged all with waves of living flame!
O'er the wild scene, obedient to the call,
It burst in glory as the noonday sun,
Till cavern deep, and mountain's rugged pile,
And chaos' self the golden hue had won;
Piercing the veil, the ebon veil of night,
The heaven-born spirit winged its gladsome way,
Kissing alike the darksome and the bright,
Till all were gleaming 'neath the smile of day.

How black the veil upon the mountain steep,
How thick the curtain o'er the waveless stream,
How ruin seemed to mark Creation's birth,
And starless skies o'erhung as joyless dream,
How black the gloom, Creation's self must tell;
How dense the darkness, chaos must declare;
How stern the scene, till from its ether home,
In mercy's errand, came light's spirit fair;
Came from its home eternal as its power,
To bless, to guide, to guard our erring way,
Hymn'd in by seraphs in the glorious hour,
Which ushered morn in that primeval day!

Gloom hung o'er all, yet rendered still more bright
The radiant glories of the sun's bright ray,
When darkness first with sceptre doubly broke,
Retired abashed before the glance of day;
And not alone she yielded up her power,
Her fabled greatness to morn's rosy light,
For stars unnumbered gild the evening hour,
And gem the mantle of the sable night;
Each hour she marks the passage of her sway,
Each hour reveals the ruin of her throne,
Morn bids her see the halo round his brow,
And night the splendor of her starry zone.

Light came in glory, never to depart,
The earth with gladness welcomed its bright reign,
The flowers sprung fair from sterile, rugged soil,
And woke the tides upon the waveless main;
Soon gleamed with beauty every barren scene;
The earth put on her garb of loveliness;
Wild verdure crowned the hills' rough, steepy side;
The brooklet owned the willow's soft caress:
Budded each tree within the forest wild;
Flouted each flower the bright hues they had won;
From starry sky, from evening's azure cloud,
From morning's splendor, and from flame-like sun!

Earth with her robe, her dress of beauty wild,
By nature wove in her mysterious loom,
Shone as the spirit clad in vestments bright, [tomb;
That stood beside Christ's dread, though chainless
As soul untrammelled by its mortal clay,
Spurning the earth, with half poised glittering wing—
Leaving the land of sorrow's wintry power,
For genial clime of joy's perpetual spring.
Bright was the world, but nature's mighty task
Was still undone; her noblest work delayed;
No living thing glanced through the azure main,
Or sported wild within the flowery glade.

Then came the flat, and the bounding sea
Teemed with life, and scaly dwellers there
Roamed through her breast, and sported in her tide,
As sunbeams flashing in her caverns fair;
Bright as the ray in diamond lighted bower,
They swiftly glanced through their mysterious home,
Winged in their element as birds in air,
Onward, still onward, free, unchecked, to roam;
The great leviathans, the monsters all,
The tiniest dweller on its coral throne,
Woke at the mandate of the great "I am,"
The word of Him, who can create alone!

Anon, the hill side and the leafy wood
Seemed touched with life; in every emerald glade,
Sweet song arose, the chorus of the wilds,
Nature's glad organ, God-attuned and made!
The rocky mount, the lowly flower-decked vale,
The leafy jungle and the prairie sod,
Teemed with the wild, the fierce, the tireless ones,
Howling an anthem to fair nature's God;
Wondrous in all their beauty and their strength,
Formed each a part of earth's mysterious plan,
Yet but as atoms to the master work,
Creation's paragon, God-imaged man!

From dust of earth, from cold and senseless clay,
The form was moulded in creation's womb,
Then mind endowed and filled with breath of life,
The throne of spirit, ne'er to know of doom;
Placed in his hand the sceptre of the world,
To rule and govern every mindless thing,
To know no master, bow before no shrine,
Save His alone, creation's God and King!
Gave to his rule—the mighty rule of mind—
All things of earth, of ocean and of air,
The strength to bind, the cunning hand to use,
The will to do, the fearless heart to dare!
Made the fierce beast low cower at his feet,
Tremble at frown, lie fawning at his word,
The ocean monster in his cavern hide,
When the dark waves by rushing keel were stirred;
The wind a plaything in his giant hand,
The sea itself, though fetterless, a slave!

The rocket lightning a very toy,
The earth his footstool, and his throne the wave!
His realm, the world—his destiny, to grasp
Earth's hidden mysteries—to read each star,
To pass the tomb, to dwell with God for aye,
In His own home, the shadowy realms afar!
Man formed, and mind endowed, and spirit gifted,
Creation's peerless, giant task was o'er,
He was the last, the greatest, master work of all,
He was the monarch of the sea and shore!
Second to God, but far above all else,
Angel in all his attributes—the power given
To pierce the very clouds—revel in light,
And pause but at the golden gate of Heaven!
The fiat done, the Master Workman paused,
Rested from labor; o'er the tangled wood
The treeless plain, the wide and billowy sea, ("good!")
His all pervading eye glanced swift and called it

"PASSING AWAY."

BY LILLIAN.

WHITHER can we turn, without beholding inscribed upon each earthly object, this monitory motto! If we look upon the flowers of spring, as they emerge from the dingy soil, and unfold their many colored petals, inspiring the lover of nature with admiration for their beauties, they seem to whisper "passing away" and, ere the sun has twice ascended the eastern skies, their beauties are fled, and they are withered away. The golden hues of autumn have merely time to utter the admonition, ere they vanish and,

Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

The little rivulet, which ripples along the mountain's side, gathering strength from the neighboring rills until it becomes a mighty river, murmurs, as it flows, "passing away, passing away," and is swallowed in the depths of the ocean. The fearful tornado, as it sweeps over the earth, bearing destruction on its arm, proclaims, in thunder tones, the warning, "passing away."

When we con over the pages of ancient literature, and gaze upon the monumental tombs of departed genius, we are reminded of the sublimity and truth contained in these words. There we observe how quickly the glory of man passes away before the withering blight of

time. A Hannibal and an Alexander have been permitted to dye their swords in the blood of thousands of their fellow men, but they now have passed away, and the lamp of their glory has flickered out in in the darkness of the tomb. Buonaparte was allowed to sway his bloody sceptre over the most formidable nations of the earth, and inspire with terror all who knew him—but his glory has departed.

Nothing more forcibly impresses upon our minds the solemn truth, that all things are passing away, than death. When the sombre shades of disease are hovering over our land, and the grim tyrant is fast hastening our friends to the silent charnel house, then we realize most keenly its anguish. When we are compelled to witness the closing scene of this transient life, and follow the remains of our friends to their long home, we cannot avoid reflecting upon the certainty of that great and final change, which awaits us, when the mortal and immortal parts shall be disunited, each returning to its native element. How should the empty pride of man be humbled, and his vain aspirings after the applause of the world be checked when he remembers that

Death levels poverty and wealth,
Within the grave.

THE DARK LADY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PEOPLE find it easy enough to laugh at "spirit-stories" in broad daylight, when the sunbeams dance upon the grass, and the deepest forest glades are spotted and checkered only by the tender shadows of leafy trees; when the rugged castle, that looked so mysterious and so stern in the looming night, seems suited for a lady's bower; when the rushing waterfall sparkles in diamond showers, and the hum of the bee and song of bird tune the thoughts to hopes of life and happiness; people may laugh at ghosts then, if they like, but as for me, I never could merely smile at the records of those shadowy visitors. I have large faith in things supernatural, and cannot disbelieve solely on the ground that I lack such evidences as are supplied by the senses; for they, in truth, sustain by palpable proofs so few of the many marvels by which we are surrounded, that I would rather reject them altogether as witnesses, than abide the issue entirely as they suggest.

My great grandmother was a native of the canton of Berne; and at the advanced age of ninety, her memory of "the long ago" was as active as it could have been at fifteen; she looked as if she had just stepped out of a piece of tapestry belonging to a past age, but with warm sympathies for the present. Her English, when she became excited, was very curious—a mingling of French, certainly not Parisian, with here and there scraps of German done into English, literally—so that her observations were at times remarkable for their strength. "The mountains," she would say, "in her country, went high, high up, until they could look into the heavens, and hear God in the storm." She never thoroughly comprehended the real beauty of England; but spoke with contempt of the flatness of our island—calling our mountains "inequalities," nothing more—holding our agriculture "cheap," saying that the land tilled itself, leaving man nothing to do. She would sing the most amusing *patois* songs, and tell stories from morning till night, more especially spirit-stories; but the old lady would not tell a tale of that character a second time to an unbeliever; such things, she would say, "are not for

make-laugh." One in particular, I remember, always excited great interest in her young listeners, from its mingling of the real and the romantic; but it can never be told as she told it; there was so much of the picturesque about the old lady—so much to admire in the curious carving of her ebony cane, in the beauty of her point lace, the size and weight of her long ugly earrings, the fashion of her solid silk gown, the singularity of her buckled shoes—her dark-brown wrinkled face, every wrinkle an expression—her broad thoughtful brow, beneath which glittered her bright blue eyes—bright, even when her eyelashes were white with years. All these peculiarities gave impressive effect to her words.

"In my young time," she told us, "I spent many happy hours with Amelie de Rohean, in her uncle's castle. He was a fine man—much size, stern, and dark, and full of noise—a strong man, no fear—he had a great heart, and a big head.

"The castle was situated in the midst of the most stupendous Alpine scenery, and yet it was not solitary. There were other dwellings in sight; some very near, but separated by a ravine, through which, at all seasons, a rapid river kept its foaming course. You do not know what torrents are in this country; your torrents are as babies—ours are giants. The one I speak of divided the valley; here and there a rock, round which it sported, or stormed, according to the season. In two of the defiles these rocks were of great value; acting as piers for the support of bridges, the only means of communication with our opposite neighbors.

"Monsieur, as we always called the count, was, as I have told you, a dark, stern, violent man. All men are wilful, my dear young ladies," she would say; "but Monsieur was the most wilful: all men are selfish, but he was the most selfish: all men are tyrants—" Here the old lady was invariably interrupted by her relatives, with "Oh, good Granny!" and, "Oh fie, dear Granny!" and she would bridle up a little and fan herself; then continue—"Yes, my dears, each creature according to its nature—all men

are tyrants; and I confess that I do think a Swiss, whose mountain inheritance is nearly coeval with the creation of the mountains, has a *right* to be tyrannical; I did not intend to blame him for that: I did not, because I had grown used to it. Amelie and I always stood up when he entered the room, and never sat down until we were desired. He never bestowed a loving word or a kind look upon either of us. We never spoke except when we were spoken to."

"But when you and Amelie were alone, dear Granny?"

"Oh, why, then we did chatter, I suppose; though then it was in moderation; for monsieur's influence chilled us even when he was not present; and often she would say, 'It is so hard trying to love him, for he will not let me!' There is no such beauty in the world now as Amelie's. I can see her as she used to stand before the richly carved glass in the grave oak-panelled dressing-room; her luxuriant hair combed up from her full round brow; the discreet maidenly cap, covering the back of her head; her brocaded silk, (which she had inherited from her grandmother,) shaded round the bosom by the modest ruffle; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, showing off to perfection the pearly transparency of her skin. She was the loveliest of all creatures, and as good as she was lovely; it seems but as yesterday that we were together—but as yesterday! And yet I lived to see her an old woman; so they called her, but she never seemed old to me! My own dear Amelie!" Ninety years had not dried up the sources of poor Granny's tears, nor chilled her heart; and she never spoke of Amelie without emotion. "Monsieur was very proud of his niece, because she was part of himself; she added to his consequence, she contributed to his enjoyments; she had grown necessary; she was the one sunbeam of his house."

"Not the *one* sunbeam, surely, Granny!" one of us would exclaim; "you were a sunbeam then."

"I was nothing where Amelie was—nothing but her shadow! The bravest and best in the country would have rejoiced to be to her what I was—her chosen friend; and some would have perilled their lives for one of the sweet smiles which played around her uncle, but never touched his heart. Monsieur never would suffer people to be happy except in his way. He had never married; and he declared Amelie never should. She had, he said, as much enjoyment

as he had: she had a castle with a draw-bridge; she had a forest for hunting; dogs and horses; servants and serfs; jewels, gold, and gorgeous dresses; a guitar and a harpsichord; a parrot—and a friend! And such an uncle! he believed there was not such another uncle in broad Europe! For many a long day Amelie laughed at this catalogue of advantages—that is, she laughed when her uncle left the room; she never laughed before him. In time, the laugh came not; but in its place, sighs and tears. Monsieur had a great deal to answer for. Amelie was not prevented from seeing the gentry when they came to visit in a formal way, and she met many hawking and hunting; but she never was permitted to invite any one to the castle, nor to accept an invitation. Monsieur fancied that by shutting her lips, he closed her heart; and boasted such was the advantage of his good training, that Amelie's mind was fortified against all weaknesses, for she had not the least dread of wandering about the ruined chapel of the castle, where he himself dared not go after dusk. This place was dedicated to the family ghost—the spirit, which for many years had it entirely at its own disposal. It was much attached to its quarters, seldom leaving them, except for the purpose of interfering when anything decidedly wrong was going forward in the castle. 'La Femme Noir' had been seen gliding along the unprotected parapet of the bridge, and standing on a pinnacle, before the late master's death; and many tales were told of her, which in this age of unbelief would not be credited."

"Granny, did you know why your friend ventured so fearlessly into the ghost's territories?" inquired my cousin.

"I am not come to that," was the reply; "and you are one saucy little maid to ask what I do not choose to tell. Amelie certainly entertained no fear of the spirit; 'La Femme Noir' could have had no angry feelings towards her, for my friend would wander in the ruins, taking no note of daylight, or moonlight, or even darkness. The peasants declared their young lady must have walked over crossed bones, or drank water out of a raven's skull, or passed nine times round the spectre's glass on Midsummer eve. She must have done all this, if not more; there could be little doubt that the 'Femme Noir' had initiated her into certain mysteries; for they heard at times voices in low, whispering converse, and saw the shadows of two persons cross the

old roofless chapel, when 'Mamselle' had passed the footbridge alone. Monsieur gloried in this fearlessness on the part of his gentle niece; and more than once, when he had revellers in the castle, he sent her forth at midnight to bring him a bough from a tree that only grew beside the altar of the old chapel; and she did his bidding always as willingly, though not as rapidly, as he could desire.

"But certainly Amelie's courage brought no calmness. She became pale; her pillow was often moistened by her tears; her music was neglected; she took no pleasure in the chase; and her chamois not receiving its usual attention, went off into the mountains. She avoided me—her friend! who would have died for her; she made no reply to my prayers, and did not heed my entreaties. One morning, when her eyes were fixed upon a book she did not read, and I sat at my embroidery a little apart, watching the tears stray over her cheek until I was blinded by my own, I heard Monsieur's heavy tramp approaching through the long gallery; some boots creak—but the boots of monsieur! they growled!

"*'Save me, oh save me!'* she exclaimed wildly. Before I could reply, her uncle crashed open the door, and stood before us like an embodied thunderbolt. He held an open letter in his hand—his eyes glared—his nostrils were distended—he trembled so with rage, that the cabinets and old china shook again.

"*'Do you,'* he said, *'know Charles le Maitre?'*

"Amelie replied, *'She did.'*

"*'How did you make acquaintance with the son of my deadliest foe?'*

"There was no answer. The question was repeated. Amelie said she had met him, and at last confessed it was in the ruined portion of the castle! She threw herself at her uncle's feet—she clung to his knees; love taught her eloquence. She told him how deeply Charles regretted the long-standing feud; how earnest, and true, and good, he was. Bending low, until her tresses were heaped upon the floor, she confessed, modestly, but firmly, that she loved this young man; that she would rather sacrifice the wealth of the whole world, than forget him.

"Monsieur seemed suffocating; he tore off his lace cravat, and scattered its fragments on the floor—still she clung to him. At last he flung her from him; he reproached her with the bread she had eaten, and heaped odium upon her mother's memory! But though Amelie's

nature was tender and affectionate, the old spirit of the old race roused within her; the slight girl arose, and stood erect before the man of storms.

"*'Did you think,'* she said, *'because I bent to you that I am feeble? because I bore with you, have I no thoughts? You gave food to this frame, but you fed not my heart; you gave me not love, nor tenderness, nor sympathy; you showed me to your friends, as you would your horse. If you had by kindness sown the seeds of love within my bosom; if you had been a father to me in tenderness, I would have been to you—a child. I never knew the time when I did not tremble at your footstep; but I will do so no more. I would gladly have loved you, trusted you, cherished you; but I feared to let you know I had a heart, lest you should tear and insult it. Oh, sir, those who expect love where they give none, and confidence where there is no trust, blast the fair time of youth, and lay up for themselves an unhonored old age.'* The scene terminated by monsieur's falling down in a fit, and Amelie's being conveyed fainting to her chamber.

"That night the castle was enveloped by storms; they came from all points of the compass—thunder, lightning, hail, and rain! The master lay in his stately bed and was troubled; he could hardly believe that Amelie spoke the words he had heard: cold-hearted and selfish as he was, he was also a clear-seeing man, and it was their truth that struck him. But still his heart was hardened; he had commanded Amelie to be locked into her chamber, and her lover seized and imprisoned when he came to his usual tryst. Monsieur, I have said, lay in his stately bed, the lightning, at intervals, illuminating his dark chamber. I had cast myself on the floor outside her door, but could not hear her weep, though I know that she was overcome of sorrow. As I sat, my head resting against the lintel of the door, a form passed through the solid oak from her chamber, without the bolts being withdrawn. I saw it as plainly as I see your faces now, under the influence of various emotions; nothing opened, but it passed through—a shadowy form, dark and vapory, but perfectly distinct. I knew it was *'La Femme Noir,'* and I trembled, for she never came from caprice, but always for a purpose. I did not fear for Amelie, for *'La Femme Noir'* never warred with the high-minded or virtuous. She passed slowly, more slowly than I am speaking,

along the corridor, growing taller and taller as she went on, until she entered monsieur's chamber by the door exactly opposite where I stood. She paused at the foot of the plumed bed, and the lightning, no longer fitful, by its broad flashes kept up a continual illumination. She stood for some time perfectly motionless, though in a loud tone the master demanded whence she came, and what she wanted. At last, during a pause in the storm, she told him that all the power he possessed should not prevent the union of Amelie and Charles. I heard her voice myself; it sounded like the night-wind among fir-trees—cold and shrill, chilling both ear and heart. I turned my eyes away while she spoke, and when I looked again, she was gone! The storm continued to increase in violence, and the master's rage kept pace with the war of elements. The servants were trembling with undefined terror; they feared they knew not what; the dogs added to their apprehension by howling fearfully, and then barking in the highest possible key; the master paced about his chamber, calling in vain on his domestics, stamping and swearing like a maniac. At last, amid flashes of lightning, he made his way to the head of the great staircase, and presently the clang of the alarm-bell mingled with the thunder and the roar of the mountain torrents: this hastened the servants to his presence, though they seemed hardly capable of understanding his words—he insisted on Charles being brought before him. We all trembled, for he was mad and livid with rage. The warden, in whose care the young man was, dared not enter the hall that echoed his loud words and heavy footsteps, for when he went to seek his prisoner, he found every bolt and bar withdrawn, and the iron door wide open: he was gone. Monsieur seemed to find relief by his energies being called into action; he ordered instant pursuit, and mounted his favorite charger, despite the storm, despite the fury of the elements. Although the great gates rocked, and the castle shook like an aspen-leaf, he set forth, his path illumined by the lightning; bold and brave as was his horse, he found it impossible to get it forward; he dug his spurs deep into the flanks of the noble animal, until the red blood mingled with the rain. At last, it rushed madly down the path to the bridge the young man must cross; and when they reached it, the master discerned the floating cloak of the pursued, a few yards in advance. Again the horse rebelled

against his will, the lightning flashed in his eyes, and the torrent seemed a mass of red fire; no sound could be heard but of its roaring waters; the attendants clung as they advanced to the hand rail of the bridge. The youth, unconscious of the pursuit, proceeded rapidly; and again roused, the horse plunged forward. On the instant, the form of 'La Femme Noir' passed with the blast that rushed down the ravine; the torrent followed in her track, and more than half the bridge was swept away forever. As the master reined back the horse he had so urged forward, he saw the youth kneeling with outstretched arms on the opposite bank—kneeling in gratitude for his deliverance from his double peril. All were struck with the piety of the youth, and earnestly rejoiced at his deliverance; though they did not presume to say so, or look as if they thought it. I never saw so changed a person as the master when he re-entered the castle gate: his cheek was blanched—his eye quelled—his fierce plume hung broken over his shoulder—his step was unequal, and in the voice of a feeble girl he said—'Bring me a cup of wine.' I was his cupbearer, and for the first time in his life he thanked me graciously, and in the warmth of his gratitude tapped my shoulder; the caress nearly hurled me across the hall. What passed in his retiring room, I know not. Some said the 'Femme Noir' visited him again; I cannot tell; I did not see her; I speak of what I saw, not of what I heard. The storm passed away with a clap of thunder, to which the former sounds were but as the rattling of pebbles beneath the swell of a summer wave. The next morning monsieur sent for the pastor. The good man seemed terror-stricken as he entered the hall; but monsieur filled him a quart of gold coins out of a leathern bag, to repair his church, and that quickly; and grasping his hand as he departed, looked him steadily in the face. As he did so, large drops stood like beads upon his brow; his stern, coarse features were strangely moved while he gazed upon the calm, pale minister of peace and love. 'You,' he said, 'bid God bless the poorest peasant that passes you on the mountain; have you no blessing to give the master of Rohean?'

"My son," answered the good man, 'I give you the blessing I may give:—May God bless you, and may your heart be opened to give and to receive.'

"I know I can give," replied the proud man 'but what can I receive?'

"'Love,' he replied. 'All your wealth has not brought you happiness, because you are unloving and unloved!'

"The demon returned to his brow, but it did not remain there.

"'You shall give me lessons in this thing,' he said; and so the good man went his way.

"Amelie continued a close prisoner; but a change came over monsieur. At first he shut himself up in his chamber, and no one was suffered to enter his presence; he took his food with his own hand from the only attendant who ventured to approach his door. He was heard walking up and down the room, day and night. When we were going to sleep, we heard his heavy tramp; at daybreak, there it was again; and those of the household, who awoke at intervals during the night, said it was unceasing.

"Monsieur could read. Ah, you may smile; but in those days, and in those mountains, such men as the master did not trouble themselves or others with knowledge; but the master of Rohean read both Latin and Greek, and commanded *THE BOOK* he had never opened since his childhood to be brought him. It was taken out of its velvet case, and carried in forthwith; and we saw his shadow from without, like the shadow of a giant, bending over *THE BOOK*; and he read in it for some days; and we greatly hoped it would soften and change his nature—and though I cannot say much for the softening, it certainly effected a great change; he no longer stalked moodily along the corridors, and banged the doors, and swore at the servants; he the rather seemed possessed of a merry devil, roaring out an old song—

Aux bastions de Geneve, nos canons
Sont branquez;

S'il y a quelque attaque nous les feront ronfler,
Viva! les canoniers!

and then he would pause, and clang his hands together like a pair of cymbals, and laugh. And once, as I was passing along, he pounced out upon me, and whirled me round in a waltz, roaring at me when he let me down, to practice *that* and break my embroidery frame. He formed a band of horns and trumpets, and insisted on the goatherds and shepherds sounding reveilles in the mountains, and the village children beating drums; his only idea of joy and happiness was noise. He set all the canton to work to mend the bridge, paying the workmen double wages; and he, who never entered a church before, would go to see how the laborers were getting on nearly every day. He talked and laughed a great deal to himself; and in his gayety of heart would set the mastiffs fighting, and make excursions from home—we knowing not where he went. At last, Amelie was summoned to his presence, and he shook her and shouted, then kissed her; and hoping she would be a good girl, told her he had provided a husband for her. Amelie wept and prayed; and the master capered and sung. At last she fainted; and taking advantage of her unconsciousness, he conveyed her to the chapel; and there beside the altar stood the bridegroom—no other than Charles Le Maitre.

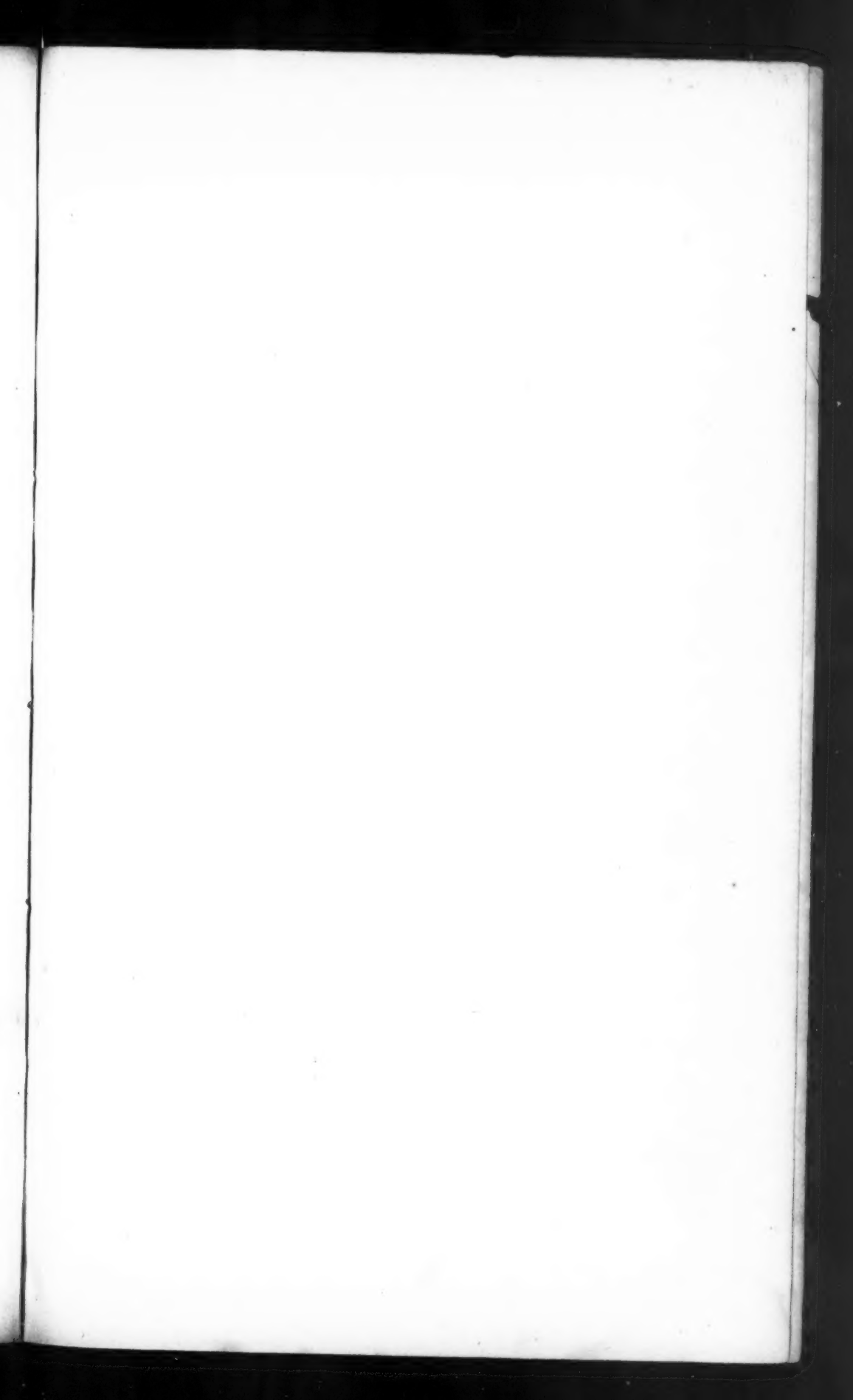
"They lived many happy years together; and when monsieur was in every respect a better, though still a strange man, 'the Femme Noir' appeared again to him—once. She did so with a placid air, on a summer night, with her arm extended towards the heavens.

"The next day the muffled bell told the valley that the stormy, proud old master of Rohean had ceased to live."

SONNET.—TO ———

Dost thou remember, love, those summer eves,
When we together rambled through the grove,
And dreamed, and thought, but never spoke, of love?
While twilight faintly struggled through the leaves,
'Neath some old forest monarch's spreading crown,
Where th' little violet raised its modest head,
And the wild rose a grateful perfume shed,

In silent gladness, we would sit us down,
And, while the happy birds, the trees among,
Made vocal all the grove with gushing song,
Reclining, side by side, we nothing thought
Of th' future or the past. The *present* hour
Was full of bliss; and doubts were never brought
To mar our joy with their malignant power. D.





Trumpet flower.

THE TRUMPET FLOWER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS beautiful flower is the type of a natural order of the same name, of little known importance except as ornaments; they are mostly trees or twining shrubby plants, sending out a great number of large and extremely showy flowers, celebrated for their splendor and beauty. The *BIGNONIA RADICANS*—TRUMPET FLOWER, belongs to the class Didynamia, order Angiosperma. The generic name was given to it in honor of that polite scholar, the Abbe Bignon, who was Librarian to Louis the Fourteenth, of France. Its characters are—calyx cup-shaped, and of a leathery consistence, with a marked five-toothed border; the corolla bell-formed, five-lobed, and swelled out on the under side; the capsule a kind of two-celled pod, which is long, and has the seeds alternately attached; the seeds very thinly and delicately winged. Some of these are deciduous, with the leaves falling off in the usual season; others are evergreens. They are mostly tropical flowers. Our species, the *B. Radicans*, is occasionally found by the banks of rivers, among the bushes, but more commonly cultivated; in the southern states, of which it is a native, it is very common. It has a creeping, long branched stem, which occasioned the specific name, which often ascends upwards of forty feet, adhering with great tenacity wherever it attaches itself, doing this in a manner similar to the Ivy by sending out fibres from the branches at short intervals. The leaves, which are ovate and toothed, are arranged in two rows on the sides of a common stalk. The flowers, which are produced in terminal clusters from branches of the same year, are of a yellowish scarlet. The corolla is trumpet-shaped, and three times the length of the cup in which it is set. The flowers are noted for generally containing the rudiments of a fifth stamen, which is nearly developed. Another variety of this species has bright scarlet flowers. It continues in flower during July and some part of August.

This is known in France as the *Jasmin de*

Virginie, and in England as the American *Jasmine*, though why such names should be given to it I am at a loss to determine. In the latter country it is the only one of the species that will live in the open air; when there, it bears an orange-colored flower from July to August. It is the emblem of Separation, about which Robert Tyas says—How many ravishing harmonies spring up on every side from the association of plants with the animal creation! The butterfly embellishes the rose; the nightingale sings in our groves; and the industrious bee enlivens the flower which yields its sweet treasures. Throughout nature the insect is associated with the flower; the bird with the tree; and the quadruped with the plants. Man alone is able to enjoy all these things; and he alone can break the chain of concord and of love, by which the whole universe is bound together. His greedy hand bears off an animal from its native clime, without thinking of its habits and its wants; and yet more frequently neglects the plant, which is made to forget, in its new slavery, the attractions of its own country. Does he import a plant? He neglects the insect which animates it, the bird which adorns it, and the quadruped which is nourished by its leaves and reposes under its shade. Behold the Virginian *Jasmine*, with its beautiful verdure and flowers; it always remains a stranger amongst us (English). We always prefer our lovely honeysuckle before it. From the woodbine the bee gathers honey, the goat browses its verdure, and its fruit is the food of legions of the feathered tribe. Could we see the humming bird of Florida hopping about its slender branches, for in the vast forests of the new world it prefers its beautiful foliage to that of any other shrub, we should doubtless regard with greater admiration and pleasure, the rich Virginian *jessamine*. The humming bird makes its nest in one of its leaves, which it rolls into the shape of a horn; it finds sustenance in the nectareous vessels of its red flowers, which are similar to those

of the foxglove; and its little body, when resting on the Trumpet flower, appears like an emerald set in coral. It is sometimes so tame and fearless that it may be taken with the hand. This little being is the soul and life of the plant that cherishes it. Separated from its aerial guest, this beautiful twining plant becomes as a desolate widow who has lost all her charms.

Piety has made this flower emblemise the Christian whom his Master has left; though outward show remains the same, a nameless charm is wanting which nothing but the absent Dove can impart.

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing thee?

The watchful mother farries nigh,
Though sleep has closed her infant's eye,
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.

But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear;
Without Thee, Heaven were but a wild,
How can I live without Thee here!

The days of hope and prayer are past,
The day of comfort dawns at last,
The everlasting gates again
Roll back, and lo! a royal train
From the far depths of light once more
The floods of glory outward pour;
They part like shower drops in mid air,
But ne'er so soft fell moonlight shower,
Nor evening rainbow gleamed so fair
To weary swains in parched bower.

KEBLE.

MY BIRD HAS FLOWN.

BY MRS. E. W. CARSWELL.

[Written on reading "My Bird," by Fanny Forrester.]

My bird has flown, my gentle bird!
Four autumn suns gone by,
She left, to cheer our loneliness,
Her own dear native sky.

With love, the precious treasure came;
I drew her to my breast,
Gazed in her heaven-lit eyes of blue,
And felt—how richly blest!

She grew in beauty day by day,
More dear each passing hour,
Until we came to feel our bird,
Would never leave our bower.

The rich wild sweetness of her song,
Rung on the morning air;
And mildly, on the evening breeze,
It told the hour of prayer.

We thought, when darkness frowned above,
And wintry winds went by—
'T would still be summer in our home,
And sunshine on our sky.

With our own sweet minstrel ever near,
No sorrow could invade;
Her song of love would cheer us still,
And bless our woodland shade.

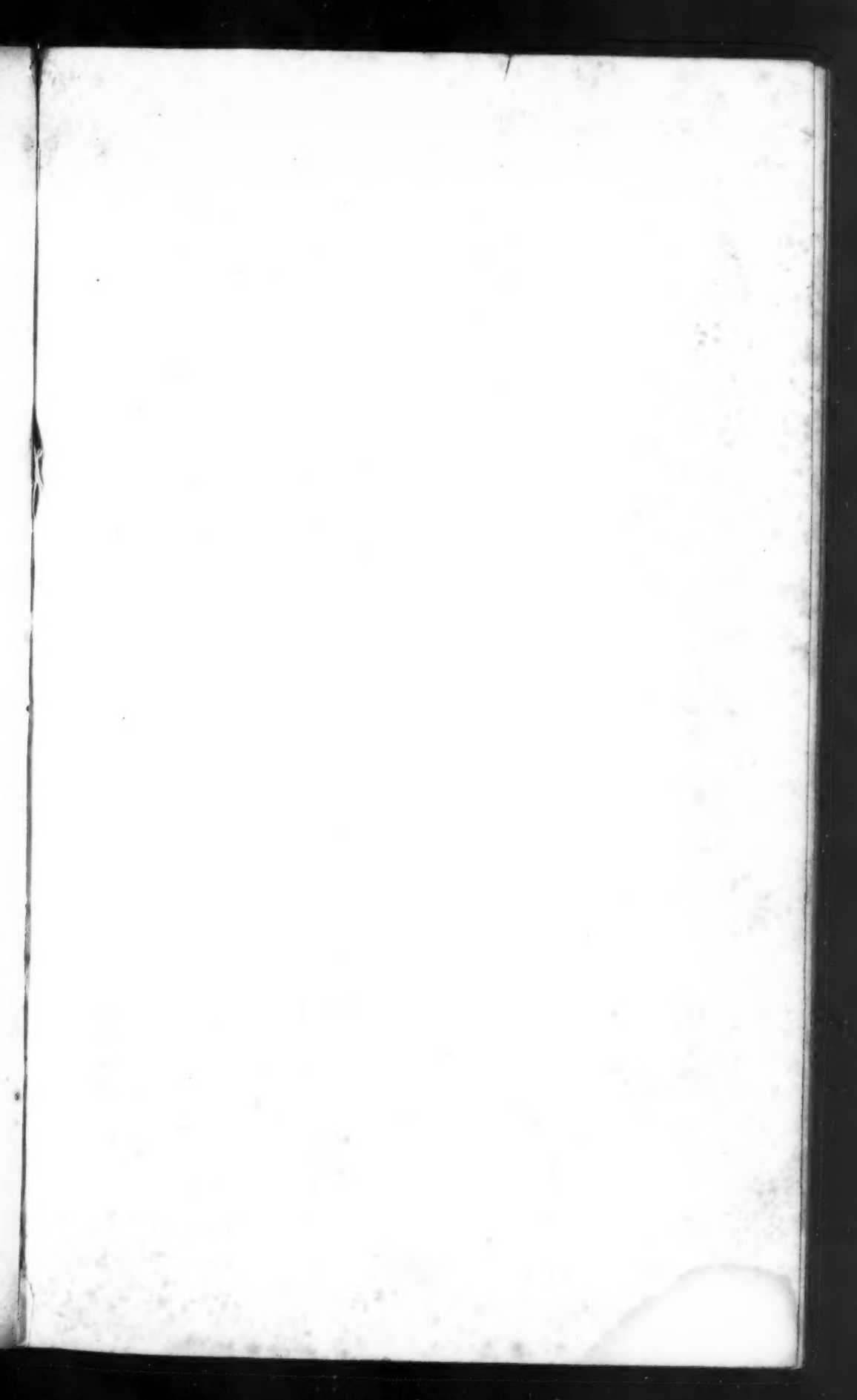
Now many a weary day hath passed
Since, from my tearful eye,
Her untaught pinion cleft the air,
And vanished in the sky.

Why has she gone? Seeks she afar
Some green isle's shadier bowers?
Some happier nest—serener airs—
And purer love than ours?

Oh not on earth! not here—not here!
Clouds veil our brightest skies,
And summer's mildest breezes chill
Our bird of Paradise.

The treasure which we deemed our own,
Was briefly lent, not given—
Our Father knew his spotless bird,
And called her home to Heaven.







Painted by J. J. Zuppler, 1870.

Engraved by T. D. May, N.Y.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

[Daniel vi, 18, 23, 24.]

NIGHT spreads her sable shroud
O'er Babylon the proud,
As o'er a silent city of the dead;
Nor voice nor sound is heard,
Save the lone midnight bird,
And the far warder's deep and measured tread.

There streams no joyous light
From that pavilion bright,
Where princes round the lord of Asia throng;—
Hush'd is the silver lute,
The golden harp is mute—
Mute is the voice of music and of song.

Pale solitude is there,
Remorse and gnawing care;
Grief wrings the monarch's heart, and dims his eye;
His word hath seal'd the doom,
His signet guards the tomb;—
The guiltless prophet hath gone forth to die.

He now laments, as one
Left of an only son,
Self-tortured, self-convicted, self-abhorr'd;
But vain is pity now,
And vain the threatening brow;
No power can change the irrevocable word!

"Oh, fatal, rash decree!
Would I had died for thee,
My friend! my brother! till thy doom was near,
I knew not how my heart
Gave thee its better part;
How dear thou wert, and oh, how justly dear!

"I loathe this empty state,
This pageant power I hate:
What is a king who slays but cannot save?
The doom of instant death
Hangs on my slightest breath;
The will to pardon finds me but a slave.

"Who shall control the rage,
Who the fell thirst assuage,
Of prison'd lions, ravening fierce for blood;
They scent their prey from far,
As steeds the distant war;
And how! glad welcome to their wonted food.

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"Oh, never more shall sleep
These aching eyeballs steep
In tranquil slumbers; never Peace divine
Revisit this sad breast;—
My victim is at rest,
But I, the murderer, when shall rest be mine?

"Yet He who quenched the flame,
Is He not still the same?
Thy God, not mine—but henceforth mine, if now,
When help of man is vain,
The foe He yet restrain:
Nor God, nor man can save, O Lord, but Thou!"

Uprose the conscious king:
He bade no courtier bring
His robe of state—no slaves his steps attend;
Alone he sought—alone
To breathe his secret moan
O'er the death chamber of his martyr'd friend.

Oh, bitter was the cry
With which the king drew nigh—
"Hear me, O prophet, in Jehovah's name!
Can His almighty power
Aval in this dark hour,
To quell the lion as it quench'd the flame?

"What means that hollow sound,
Low answering from the ground?—
Is it the sated lions' stifled roar?—
Rejoice, O king, rejoice,
It is a human voice;
The voice which thou hadst thought to hear no more.

"O king, be peace divine,
And life eternal, thine.
My God hath sent His angel, for He knew
His servant's inmost heart
Abhorr'd the traitor's part—
To thee, O king, as to Himself, most true!

From Babylon the proud
Night roll'd her sable shroud;—
But o'er the shouts that shook those towers of pride,
When morning tinged the sky,
Was heard one loud, wild cry—
It was the death-shriek when the guilty died!

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A CHAPTER ON LAUGHING.

"And laughter holding both his sides."—*Milton*.

If you were to ask a learned physician to explain to you the peculiar sensation termed laughter, it is more than likely he would astonish you with an amazing profundity of erudition, ending in the sage conclusion that he knows nothing more about the matter than that it is a very natural emotion of the senses, generally originating with a good joke, and not unfrequently terminating in a fit of indigestion. If he happened to be (as there are many) a priggish quack, it is not unlikely he would add as a sequel, that it was a most injurious and unmannerly indulgence, particularly favoring a determination of blood to the head, and decidedly calculated to injure the fine nerves of the facial organ! If, on the contrary, he should be a good, honest follower of Galen, he would not fail to pronounce it the most fearful enemy to his profession, as being altogether incompatible with physic and the blues, and, by way of illustration, he might go so far as to read a chapter of the *Pickwick Papers*, in order to prove the strength of his position.

Laughter—good, hearty, cheerful-hearted laughter, is the echo of a happy spirit, the attribute of a cloudless mind. Life without it were without hope, for it is the exuberance of hope. It is an emotion possessed by man alone—the happy light that relieves the dark picture of life.

We laugh most, when we are young; the thoughts are then free and unfettered; there is nothing to bind their fierce impulse, and we sport with the passions with the bold daring of ignorance. Smiles and tears, it has been observed, follow each other like gloom and sunshine; so the childish note of mirth treads on the heels of sorrow. It was but yesterday we noticed a little urchin writhing apparently in the agony of anguish; he had been punished for some trivial delinquency, and his little spirit resented it most gloriously. How the young dog roared! His little chest heaved up and down; and every blue vein on his pure forehead was apparent—bursting with passion. Anon, a conciliatory word was addressed to him by the offended *gouvernante*; a smile passed over the

boy's face; his little eyes, sparkling through a cloud of tears, were thrown upwards; a short struggle between pride and some other powerful feeling ensued; and then there burst forth such a peal of laughter, so clear, so full, so round, it would have touched the heart of a stoic!

Our natural passions and emotions become subdued, or altogether changed, as we enter the world. The laugh of the schoolboy is checked by the frown of the master. He is acquiring wisdom, and wisdom (ye gods, how dearly bought!) is incompatible with laughter. But still, at times, when loosened from his shackles, the pining student will burst forth as in days gone by; but he has no longer the cue and action of passion he then had; the cares of the world have already mingled themselves in his cup, and his young spirit is drooping beneath their influence. The laughter of boyhood is a merry carol; but the first rich blush has already passed away. The boy enters the world, full of the gay buoyancy of youth. He looks upon those he meets as the playmates of other hours. But experience teaches him her lessons; the natural feelings of his heart are checked; he may laugh and talk as formerly, but the spell, the dreams that cast such a halo round his young days, are dissipated and broken.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is your smooth-faced politic laugher, your laugher by rule. These beings are generally found within the precincts of a court, at the heels of some great man, to whose conduct they shape their passions as a model. Does the great man say a *bon mot*, it is caught up and grinned at in every possible manner till, the powers of grimace expended, the great man is pleased to change the subject, and strike a different chord. And it is not astonishing. Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of a thousand a year? Common gratitude demands it.

There is, then, your habitual laugher, men who laugh by habit, without rhyme or reason. They are generally stout, piggy-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers, and patronise free-and-easys. They will meet you with a grin on their countenance, which, before you have said three

sentences, will resolve itself into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may truly be said to go through life laughing; but habit has blunted the finer edges of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These personages generally go off in fits of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach!

There is, then, your discontented, cynical laugh, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead fraud that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue, &c., he meets you with a sneer, or bottle-imp kind of a chuckle; talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin, that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians placed at their feasts to check exuberant gayety.

There is then, your fashionable simperer, your laugh *a la mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs—it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is, that he eats. People, he will tell you, should overcome these vulgar propensities; they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive, his lungs have no play; he is always weak and narrow-chested; he vegetates till fifty, and then goes off, overcome with a puff of *eau de rose*, or *millefleur*, he has encountered accidental-

ly from the pocket-handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife.

Last of all, there is your real, good, honest laugh; the man who has a heart to feel and sympathise with the joys and sorrows of others; who has gone through life superior to its follies, and has learnt to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do honor to society, who have learnt to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity; and, who, having gathered experience from years, are content to drink the cup of life mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter.

There is a strange affinity in our passions. The heart will frequently reply to the saddest intelligence by a burst of the most unruly laughter, the effigy of mirth. It seems as though the passion, like a rude torrent, were too strong to pursue its ordinary course; but, breaking forth from the narrow channel that confined it, rushed forth in one broad impetuous stream. It is the voice of anguish that has chosen a different garb, and would cheat the sympathies. But we have ourselves been demonstrating the truth of our last proposition; for we have been writing on laughter till we have grown sad. But what says the old song?

"To-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober."

So sadness, after all, is but joy deferred. M.

CHILDHOOD.

BY W. B. FAIRCHILD.

Oh, beautiful, most beautiful
Each impulse of the heart,
Ere care hath twined its meshes round
And planted there its dart—
When youthful blood is coursing through
Each clear transparent vein,
With a beauty and a mystery
That spurn at reason's rein.

Oh, then the "tell-tale countenance"
Each thought embodies forth,
And like the gems of night, the eyes
Do sparkle bright with mirth—
And shadowings that flit across
The clear and polished brow,
Tell but of feelings in the heart
As pure as love's first vow.

No trial of this dark, dark world—
No load of feverish care—
Hath cowed the spirit down in pain,
Nor set its signet there—
But like the flowers that bloom in spring
Or light the angel's bright,
It scatters round a joyousness,
A beauty, and a light.

A bright connecting link it is
Of more than human birth,
'Twixt scenes of God's own Paradise
And dwellers on this earth.
Oh, would that we could bear for aye,
The feelings of a child—
How sweet would be our path through life,
Our death how calm and mild.

THE WHITE STEED OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY FRANCES A. FULLER.

Oh ho, the milk-white Prairie Steed!
His noble form I see,
As swiftly o'er the wide green mead
He courseth bold and free!
With arching neck and flowing mane,
And nostrils spreading wide,
Here cometh, o'er the boundless plain,
The white steed in his pride.

With glowing eye and pointed ear,
And hoof so round and light,
As agile as the graceful deer
He cometh on my sight.
He left the hunters in pursuit
A full good league behind,
And now he stays his nimble foot,
To listen on the wind:

His curving neck and noble head
All stately erect,
While through his nostrils, widely spread,
The proud breath rolls unchecked.
But hark!—the hunt again he hears,
Though faint and far away,
And answers to their rising cheers
With loud disdainful neigh.

Yet quivers he in every limb,
But will not turn and flee;
For what hath fear to do with him,
The noble, fleet and free?
But on they come, with quickened speed,
Anew begins the chase:
Again the matchless prairie steed
Hath proudly won the race!

Away, away, o'er miles of plain,
Yet firm and bold and free—
The weary chase will prove in vain;
Ye bind not such as he!
His fiery spirit cannot feel
A master's curbing hand;
He will not "bound from his armed heel,"
Nor stay at his command.

Oh ho! the milk-white prairie steed!
A joyous life has he;
A home upon the wide green mead,
As boundless as the sea!
And man shall never fetter him
Till time has taken away
The fleetness from each supple limb—
And distant be the day!

EFFECT OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

As an evidence of the apparent trifles that make lasting impressions, and are sometimes followed by the most important results; and to show, too, how carefully parents should watch all the influences that may serve to give a set to the character, and to jeopard the happiness of their children, a case occurs within our remembrance to which we may now allude, as no reader can guess at the parties: the fond, the devoted, the congenial, and the gallant brother, to whom alone the secret was confided, having long since followed the subject of it to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

The case was that of a young lady of the most surpassing personal beauty, and the highest order of intellect and feeling. Just then passing from childhood to womanhood, she was on a

visit to Washington, and passing, in a picture gallery from one object to another, a young gentleman, worthy of her whose purity he wished to guard from offence, contrived, and, as he thought at the time without its being perceived, to put aside one which might do for the inspection of artists and professional eyes, but not, as he thought, proper for hers. Unfortunately, as it may have been, for her, she saw enough to discern the nice honor and delicacy of the action and the motive; and, whether, unconsciously, she was already prepossessed, from that moment he became the idol of her heart and dreams. After promise of reaching the highest points in the "steep ascent," he fell into an early grave, and she—she "fled also as a shadow and continued not."

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

TONE OF OUR MAGAZINE.

With every new enterprise there is, necessarily connected more or less personal responsibility. And a point of most importance in all undertakings of a public nature, is a conscientious regard for the actual good of the community. It is the privilege of the community to require that every enterprise, of whatever character, shall sustain a proper relation to their interests; and the person who may become in any way identified with such interests, however lucrative and promising it may be, to vary from this principle, is nevertheless morally bound to adhere to it. The injunction, "do unto others as we would that others should do unto us" is not only binding with reference to individuals, but is equally so in the relation of one to the whole. The true Christian minister, the statesman deservedly in his position of honor, the conscientious professor in the institution of learning, the competent and faithful teacher, the conductors of a virtuous press, authors whose writings entitle them to lead in the literature of the age in which they live, the real philanthropist abroad, as well as the quiet and peaceful citizen at home, collectively present to the world a spectacle of moral grandeur; and all feel the compensation of contributing to the public weal, to be infinitely superior to the happiness that may arise to any who slacken principle, lower themselves, and convert their calling into the mere drudgery of pennies.

The grandeur of time, the splendor of this lower world is the heart and the mind of man. It is true, that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work," and the earth is a presentation of innumerable objects; objects indescribably beautiful and deeply interesting to the contemplative and reflecting mind.

I love to sit upon the towering cliff that pillars above the surrounding scenery of woodlands and rivers, and overlooks the distant, blue bosom of the waters, stretching far away till hidden by the curtain of the falling heavens.

We are delighted with nature in all its forms—its mysteries are overwhelming; but there is another subject of inquiry that heightens inte-

rest about everything arising from what we see, hear, and feel; and imparts happiness surpassing the enjoyment of the most perfect gratification of an earthly character. The triumphs of a philanthropic heart, the movements of a benevolent spirit, the cultivated mind riding upon the surges of intellectual power, eclipse wealth, shame sensuality, and evince the existence of a higher destiny for fallen man.

Our ambition connected with the publication of the work in which we are engaged, is, we sincerely trust, of a higher nature than to make it merely a source of pecuniary profit. If there is not something about it that goes to the heart, and admits it to the warmest apartments of social life; if it does not stir the affections as well as enliven the spirit pressed with langor and despondency; if it does not reach the case of the wronged, and speak for the oppressed; if its pages emit no light upon the secret of human happiness; if it is no companion to the lonely female removed from privileges and the blessings of social life; if it forsakes its patrons in the terrible hour of bereavement and sorrow; if, for the individual swept away with temptation and foundering in the destructive floods of billowy passion, there are no words of softened reproof; if morals are not guarded nor religion recommended, even then there will be left sufficient room for the *Lady's Western Magazine* to aim at something lower.

MORAL PRINCIPLE.

Moral principle carries with itself its own reward to the mind possessed of it and governed by it. It is no other than the designed basis of human action, and embraces every true position of the mind, as an agent, both as it regards our fellows, and in respect to the Creator. Elevated upon the ground of moral principle, the mind is hallowed from its position, quiescent with the will of Heaven, and enlarges in its power of feeling, from its proximity to the vital interests of men.

The first and all-absorbing consideration of our existence, is the relation we sustain to God, while the second is the relation existing between man and man as one common brotherhood; and

on these as original principles, are founded respectively, the two great commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

The former of these considerations embraces the entire field of religion, and it may be observed, that a proper understanding of the second of these considerations, namely, the responsible relation existing between man and man, is based only upon a just recognition of the accountable relation that all sustain to God; a mistake with reference to the duties we owe, and the obligations we are under to Him as his creatures, must invariably betray us into wrong views with reference to the duties we owe, and the obligations we are under to one another, and prove fatal to the claims of society at our hands.

The direction in which truly lies the interests of the world, the fountain from which flows the happiness of intelligent beings, whatever that fountain may be, as a matter of course, must be familiar to the mind that would prove a reliable source of information to those who are anxiously inquiring the way to human felicity.

Again, it is evident, that by the over-presiding of an irresistible Providence, the human race is, in the main, steadily advancing to the achievement of a glorious triumph in wisdom, knowledge, perfection and happiness; the movement and accomplishment of which, is at present an inconceivable approximation, and conformity to the nature and attributes of the Great First Cause of every existing thing; and that unless this common current of events, this peculiar relation of the world to God is felt and acknowledged, and together with the distinct idea of man's accountability, is made the ground of all our movements influential of others, contradictory influences will be at work; and in the ratio that a wise Being allows the difficulty to extend, results unfavorable to the present and the future interests of men must ensue.

The ties of obligation suggested by these remarks, are emphatically universal, are equally binding upon all, they come direct from God to the individual, and as intimated in the commencement of these sentiments, embrace in his own mind a clear view of his relation to mankind universally—independently of every existing conclave in society—merging the lines of all denominational distinctions, and even the sacred chords of kindred affection, dissolved in the general sympathy, every man is his brother. Organizations of the kind referred to may be

auxiliary to the feeling towards others begotten by these ties, but are not fundamental of it. In every truly christian bosom it may exist in a manner with or without them.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS ON THE LIVES AND HAPPINESS OF MEN—[By R. F. W. ALLSTON.]—

If the great end of life be to prepare for a more exalted state of existence hereafter, the ends of knowledge should be to make men wiser, better, happier, and so to fit them for the society of the pure and perfect. To the gentler sex—to my fair countrywomen—belongs the pleasing and responsible task of laying the corner-stone, the groundwork of such preparation. It is at the mother's knee, in the homely nursery of childhood, that the earliest lessons are taught—they are among the last forgot. Dictated by natural affection, they are addressed to the heart and are indelibly impressed there. They are lessons of principle. No degree of talent can atone for the want of principle—no brilliancy of genius can compensate the want of virtue. True genius, indeed, in its nature, approaches the divine, is allied to virtue, and should always be associated with it. But for the errors and neglect which sometimes have obtained in *early education*, the world would not have to lament the sad fate of individuals possessing the highest qualities of mind, not directed, however, and not chastened by the holy principles of virtue.

The youthful man who treads the earth with firm, elastic step, approved by the aged, courted by the young, when tempted by his successful career to infringe the moral law, to yield to the leadings of unbridled passion, is checked in the ardor of his temperament, for the first time, perhaps, by the timely recollection of her who with affectionate, mild voice, was wont to counsel her son, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."

The man of years, broken in constitution and wasted with disease, while tottering on toward the last home of the wretched, stifles the rising murmur at his fate by the remembrance of the tested faith, the cheerful resignation and meek submission of a long lost mother.

Even the hardened criminal, when in his lonely cell he sighs for the home of his childhood, gives his first thought to the mother who endeared it. The man is softened—he remembers! Whatever were her errors, whatever her conduct to others, she was always kind to him.

The obdurate heart is subdued. He weeps bitter tears of contrition at his fall, and his voice is raised in accents, long unpracticed, to breathe forth the prayer which was taught him from her lips.

STUDY OF NATURE.

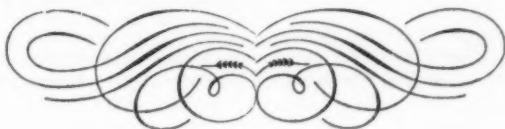
"There are still in thee,
Instructive Book of Nature! many leaves
Which yet no mortal has perused."

To note the habits, instincts, and peculiarities of the animal creation has long been a favorite pursuit with me. It is a study, not only delightful in itself, but tending to promote good and kind feelings, and to raise our affections to that Being by whose infinite power and wisdom all things were made. Indeed, the more minutely we search into the history, habits, and economy of birds, animals, and insects, the more reason shall we have to admire the ineffable wisdom of the Creator, in the order and harmony, the utility and beauty which are apparent throughout the entire range of animal life. We are led to see that from the most stupendous to the most minute things in nature, all are appointed for some good end and purpose, and that "Deity is as conspicuous in the structure of a fly's wing, as in the bright globe of the sun itself." The following passage from Derham's *Physico-Theology* is both delightful and instructive. Speaking of the formation of insects, he says, "It is an amazing thing to reflect upon the surprising minuteness, art, and curiosity, of the joints, muscles, tendons, and nerves necessary to perform all the motions of the legs, the wings, and every other part: and all these things concur in minute animals, even in the smallest mite and animalcule; and having named these animals, why should I mention only one part of their bodies, when we have in that little compass a whole and complete body, as exquisitely formed, and (as far as our scrutiny can possibly reach) as neatly adorned, as the largest animals? Let us con-

sider that there we have eyes, a brain, a mouth, a stomach, entrails, and every other part of an animal body, as well as legs and feet, and that all those parts have each of them their necessary apparatus of nerves, of various muscles, and of every other part that other insects have, and that all is covered and guarded with a well-made tegument, beset with bristles and adorned with neat imbrications, and many other fineries."

It appears impossible that any attentive observer of this exquisite workmanship should not be compelled to acknowledge that it is produced by, and is worthy of, a great, all-powerful, and benevolent Creator, who had some good and wise purpose in every thing he did: and, surely, when this conviction is once firmly impressed upon the mind, it will find infinite pleasure and gratification in searching out the works of Nature; and the further these inquiries are carried, the more shall we be led to acknowledge that *"the hand which made them is divine."*

Another inducement to the prosecution of this study, is the added pleasure which it gives to every hour we pass in the country, to every walk and to every ride, whether alone or in society. An incurious person has, as it were, his eyes closed to the animal world around him; while an attentive observer, and a lover of Nature, has his time and his thoughts delightfully occupied in the contemplation of every insect which crosses his path, and of every bird which he sees near him. He endeavors to find in them something heretofore unnoticed, he admires the beautiful symmetry and elegance of their appearance, and he studies their different manners and mode of living. It will be the object in part of this Magazine to give the youthful mind an early bias to contemplations and inquiries such as these; which we are convinced, will be found conducive not only to health and cheerfulness of spirits, but also to the purifying and the elevating of the *mind*.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Is the January and commencing number of our Magazine, we expressed our feelings, and perhaps our fears, relative to the pending trial of its acceptability to the public. We were conscious of some considerable exertion on our own part, that the work should appear in a manner to compare with others of the kind already established; yet, in view of our want of experience in the field before us, the doubtfulness of our ability as adequate to the task we had undertaken, the variety of tastes that were to be anticipated, and the multifarious criticisms, (just and unjust,) that were to be expected, it is not singular, perhaps, possessing, withal, a sensitive nature, that we should experience some little agitation of mind on seeing it subjected to the test of public scrutiny.

Since the issue of our first No., we have visited a number of our subscribers, and have received, personally and by letter, the gratulations of many friends, from which source we can truly say, that we have not only reason to be encouraged, but our expectations are more than realized.

Another source of satisfaction and encouragement has been the universal approval, by the press, of our enterprise, and the favorable notices of the work. Though it may be more a matter of justice than of favor, that any work of merit and costly enterprise should receive both the sanction of the press and the patronage of the public, and that personal considerations should be allowed no influence, yet we desire to express our obligations as the recipient of a personal favor and a real benefit, by all who have been induced to take a favorable notice of our labor, either publicly or privately.

Taking into consideration the circumstances under which we toil, and the powerful motives we have to succeed, allowing any other feeling to exceed our gratitude for favors bestowed, would be as unnatural and barbarous as the resentment of injuries under the same circumstances would be unphilosophic and unchristian. We feel no disposition to lower our standard of thought, although fully apprised of the fact that who ever walks upon a wire must be deeply skilled especially if it is strung high in the heavens. Although we cannot ourselves pretend to superior ability in any way, we shall endeavor, notwithstanding, by the aid of good contributors and judicious selections from the most approved writings, to render the "Lady's Western Magazine" the vehicle of elevated thought and purity of sentiment.

We regret exceedingly that so much of our time for the present year must necessarily be devoted to traveling, obtaining subscriptions, and other matters sepa-

rate from, and in addition to our editorial labors. According to the success, however, with which we have been already favored, a few months' time devoted to this purpose will obtain for the Magazine, a sufficient circulation to make its publication at least a feasible business, when our attention can be given more strictly to the work itself. Our arrangements are now such that we have the fullest confidence in the ability of those by whom the mechanical part of the work is to be executed: and also that the entire publication department will very shortly be so regulated that the numbers will be issued promptly and in time. Circumstances unexpectedly occurred which have caused a delay in the publication of the present number, and may, possibly, detain the March and April numbers a few days.

With reference to the subscriptions due, we cannot express how great a relief it would be to us if the amount now outstanding, which is about \$250, could be sent us in the course of the next two or three weeks. We have put the price at \$1.50 a year, so that the work may come within the reach of all, and as an inducement to prompt payment, and we hope our friends will reflect that it is impossible for us to furnish a good Magazine at this price, unless we adhere strictly to the advance principle. We also solicit our agents to be particular and obtain the money, in *all cases*, to forward with the names they may send us.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "serve mankind, and you serve yourself;" to the latter, "in choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the deity where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

The typographical appearance of the present number, will bespeak an encomium for our magazine, and evince that, in this respect at least, we shall equal our most ambitious rivals in any part of the country. Although some conceive that this is a matter of but little importance, yet it has been our intention from the first to advance the work, in this respect, up to the most perfect standard; and we have greatly mistaken the taste and refinement of our western readers if this is not as emphatically required here as in any other part of the land.